The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1904.

The Week.

Alton B. Parker's resignation of the highest judicial position in the State is characteristically fine. He declined to yield to the wishes of those of his fellow-judges who believed that he could properly and legally retain his office until the election, and urged him to do so that the State might not lose his valuable services. Moreover, he chose to resign before August 8, thereby laying down his office for all time. Had he vacated his position after that date, he could have become a candidate to succeed himself next autumn in the event of his defeat in the fall. This is merely fresh proof that with Mr. Parker office-getting is entirely subsidiary to considerations of good taste, courage, and straightforwardness. No fair man could have criticised him had he chosen to resign a few days later. Every fair man, even if he be a chained Republican editor, ought to acknowledge the manliness of his present attitude. But this is too much to expect. Doubtless we shall be told that no other course was really open, and that his secrecy in not announcing the date of his resignation until he actually handed it in, is highly reprehensible.

We had always supposed the Paris *Temps* to be an intelligent and sedate newspaper, and, in particular, had thought of M. de Pressensé, its foreign editor, as a man of singular sobriety and poise. Yet we find him writing in the *Temps* of July 25 that "the name of Judge Parker, wholly unknown six months ago, has now made the round of the universe." It was his telegram that made the change. It showed the world that "a calm and simple gentleman," who was "neither a soldier nor a cowboy," could display surpassing courage. "Enfin, il s'est fait connaître. Et voilà sa candidature lancée." There is more of this sort of thing. It simply shows, of course, that the *Temps* has, in one mad moment become "hysterical," "ecstatic," "gushing," and "wildly exaggerated." And any rash man who suggests that we have the verdict of posterity in such contemporary foreign judgment, will get the trimming down he deserves.

To inform a man that he has been nominated Vice-President is, as things go, not an inspiring task, and Mr. Root in six hundred words found little to say about Senator Fairbanks, except that he was likely to keep his mental faculties for the next four years. That he keeps them carefully in reserve was shown in the speech of acceptance. Mr. Fairbanks had evidently been warned against the rhetorical figure called anti-climax, and his address of acceptance was beyond all cavil duller than Mr. Roosevelt's. "Uncertainty undermines confidence, and loss of confidence breeds confusion and distress in commercial affairs," was a characteristic gem. In fact, if safety is to be measured by insipidity, its apostles should have nominated Mr. Fairbanks for the Presidency to begin with. Mr. H. G. Davis, as Mr. Root did not fail to remark, was born under President Monroe, and may or may not be capable of a sustained effort. For an oratorical spurt, however, he need ask no odds from Mr. Fairbanks. We warrant him, when his notification comes, to show a younger wit, and possibly a personal idea or two wherewithal to enliven the stipulated party platitudes.

There will be little cheer for despondent New York Republicans in the announcement that the President and Chairman Cortelyou have determined to put it squarely "up to Odell" to carry this State for the ticket. Odell and what he stands for count as one of the chief reasons why the Republicans are in danger of losing New York. He has made himself nearly as hated as Hill, and on much the same grounds. Therefore, to put him in charge and make him all-powerful is merely to inflame a condition already feverish. We have heard a disgusted Republican official in this city say, "Why, it begins to look as if, in case Odell comes down here and applies his methods to the campaign, we shan't get any votes at all." Moreover, Odell is in a position not to care a straw about all the grim talk of holding him sternly "responsible" in the event of Democratic success. It would be the easiest thing in the world for him to say that the finest and most loyal organization on earth could not pull through such a load as Roosevelt; and then, having meanwhile made his position as Republican boss absolutely unassailable, he could enjoy himself dictating nominations and selling legislation.

The effort to smoke out Lodge on reciprocity did not amount to much. He showed, in his Saturday's speech before a Massachusetts Republican club, that he was prepared to cover the whole question—to stand on both sides of it at once. He quoted the Chicago platform's declaration for reciprocity that shall not injure "any" American industry. He agreed to that. Then he cited President Roosevelt's restatement of this passage with the word "any" left out. He agreed to that also. Next, he faced the demand of the Massachusetts reciprocity advocates that our business with the Provinces shall "not be confined to non-competitive products," and added: "With that, too, I am in full agreement." Of course he is, for any reciprocity agreement with Canada "must of necessity involve competitive products." There you have the whole of Lodge's reciprocity philosophy—you must and you must not. Surely, no good Republican could ask for more. If any member of the party thinks he has a grudge against Lodge, he is mightily mistaken. This whole fuss is the result of a wicked Democratic plot. The 15,000 or 20,000 Republicans who have signed the petition for Canadian reciprocity are being pulled around by the nose by the Parker leaders. Lodge urges them "not to be led by Democratic misrepresentations." Such dense ignorance among Massachusetts Republicans will certainly startle the country.

President Roosevelt has declined to commute the death sentence imposed upon a negro ravisher, and has improved the opportunity to comment both on the crime itself and on the conventional plea of insanity advanced to palliate nearly every crime of passion. Mr. Roosevelt rebuked the tendency to attribute brutal crimes, not to depravity, but to mental derangement. In the case of "a crime so revolting that the criminal is not entitled to one particle of sympathy from any human being," the President felt that the punishment should be stern, sure, and swift. He deplored the law's delays in such cases, and hoped that, in order to remove the last provocation to lynching, the courts might adopt a special swift procedure for the abominable crime in question. The President's comments should do good in the South, where the monstrous opinion has grown up that what it calls "negrophilism" in the North regards rape by negroes with an almost apologetic toleration. On the other hand, apologists for lynching will find small comfort in characterization of that practice as "of equal infamy" with the outrage it avenges.

Secretary Hay's note on contraband, addressed to the American ambassadors in Europe, has been published. Against the theory that "conditional contraband"—food, fuel, cotton, horses, etc.—may, wherever found, be seized by a belligerent, he excepts vigorously. There must, he holds, be reasonable evidence that such conditional contraband actually is intended for military uses. To maintain an absolute right of confiscation over commodities that might become

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contraband would be to put all the trade of neutrals with a belligerent in the position of contraband. It would amount "to a total inhibition of the sale by neutrals to the people of belligerent States of all articles which could finally be converted to military uses." In other words, any nation with a few active cruisers and as broad a definition of contraband as, say, that of Russia, would be able to effect by a mere definition that general embargo which international law admits only where an effective blockade is proclaimed. Secretary Hay's lucid presentation of this principle is in accordance with the best traditions of our diplomacy, which has ever tended to limit the pretensions of belligerents as against neutrals. But there is still needed something like a code by which neutrals and belligerents may act in specific cases. For this reason one must hope that some of the late Russian seizures may come before the Hague Tribunal, and that later that body may pass authoritatively upon the whole question of contraband.

As anticipated, the Russians have maintained their right of search in the Red Sea, and have not admitted any irregularity in the status of their volunteer cruisers. In the case of the *Malacca* they had the good fortune to be able to prove that the captain had refused to show his manifest. In short, we have the familiar phenomenon of an apology without explanations or pledges for the future. In remarkable contrast with the tension over the *Malacca* is the quiescence of Germany in the face of the detention of mails carried by the *Prinz Heinrich*. In all ways this was a graver international offence; there was no reasonable suspicion of contraband in the mail bags, and no insubordination of the captain gave color to extreme measures. Germany herself has leaned to the theory that international mails are inviolate. When the British seized the mailboat *Bundesrath* during the South African war, the German ministry took the ground before the Reichstag that the post is an international service with which belligerents may not interfere. But it makes a difference who does the holding up, and the phlegm of the German Foreign Office in the days just past is a very significant sign of official friendliness between the two Empires.

It would be a dull year in Turkey that did not see one or two minatory descents of Christian fleets upon Smyrna. In the present case, the Sultan is probably congratulating himself that no little bill is being collected, and that accordingly no custom house is likely to be seized. The infidel, as represented by Mr. Roosevelt, is simply seeking concessions that cost nothing but the sacrifice of a little dignity. Our claims are just. Our diplomatic representative at Constantinople should have direct access to the Sultan; their unaccredited envoy at Washington should assume the full responsibility of an Ambassador; our schools, colleges, and missions in the Turkish Empire should receive the treatment of a most-favored nation. In worrying these concessions out of the Porte, the President and Secretary Hay are following established precedent. We cannot wonder that Ottoman diplomacy has worn out their patience, but we deplore the necessity of a naval demonstration simulating warfare. Everybody loves to scare the Sultan to death; nobody really wants to fight him. Some day the Osmanli coon may refuse to come down, and that will be an awkward pass for any Captain Scott who then happens to have his guns trained on Smyrna.

The Boston Steamship Company is doing yeoman's service in the ship-subsidy cause. Its president, Mr. Alfred Winsor, labored hard with the Merchant Marine Commission in the East, and Mr. Frank Waterhouse, its agent at Seattle, has taken up the work in the West. "There is no time to experiment," he said at the Seattle hearing of the Commission; "the case demands relief which will be prompt, specific, and sure." We must have subsidies in order to overcome the high cost of constructing and sailing American ships. Mr. Waterhouse does not confine himself to glittering generalities; he gives figures which speak for themselves. For instance, the daily fixed charges of the steamer *Shawmut* include $19.90 for corporation expenses and taxes, while a corresponding steamer of the Japanese transpacific line eats up only $8.79; the insurance and interest are also much heavier; and as the American ship costs a great deal more than the foreign, its depreciation charge towers high above that of its rival. It is not right that our shipowners should have to worry over such details. It is their business to sail steamers, and the Government's to pay the bills. One way to solve the problem, says Mr. Waterhouse, is for Uncle Sam to lay up all his Pacific transports—on which he has spent $20,000,000 in the last six years, exclusive of first cost—and use subsidized vessels. The Boston Steamship Company would save the Government a large amount of money in this way—if you do not count the subsidy.

It is to be hoped that the Republicans will not have many more such flag-raisings as the one in Fall River. There were actually timorous souls among the party leaders who believed it would be wiser not to unfurl the national emblem, certainly not to have a band concert and a parade. There could, of course, be no doubt about the attendance. About 25,000 persons are out of work in Fall River, and the streets seldom are as thronged as at present. But the local Republican leaders were undoubtedly afraid that the cry might go up, "Do wages follow the flag?" But to ignore the ceremony altogether would, of course, occasion equally embarrassing questions. The flag was flung out, but very quietly. Then "several local members of the party" adjourned to a hall and listened to speeches. The orators spoke of the "glorious past and glowing future" of the party. But it is not recorded that any one quoted President Roosevelt's remark that "wages were never higher."

Mr. Charles M. Schwab is obviously a thorn in the flesh to the steel manufacturers of this country. Their industry, though not exactly an infant in years, is nevertheless a weakling in strength. Everybody has had a chance to know that; for has not a high tariff always been needed to protect our steel rails, ingots, and billets against the more virile products of Europe? Even the tariff was incapable of accomplishing this single-handed, and a billion-dollar Trust was necessary to put the finishing touch upon the work. The public have scant liking for Trusts in general, and, of course, they jumped to the conclusion that, if large dividends could be paid on vastly inflated steel capitalizations, there was really not so much need for tariff duties, after all. Friends of protection have been working hard to show the people how mistaken this view is, but now along comes Mr. Schwab and plays right into the hands of the "enemies of prosperity." Landing in this country on Friday from an inspection of the Krupp works, his first words were: "My observations in the works at Essen confirmed my belief, stated many times, that the American steel manufacturer can make better and cheaper steel than any other on the face of the earth." And Mr. Schwab has been accounted by some people the ablest steel manufacturer in this country, if not in the world.

The full report of Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Commission on the iron and steel trades brings to light some important facts not disclosed in the summarized accounts. The earlier statements made much of the feature that Germany and the United States have greatly outstripped the United Kingdom since 1876 in the production and consumption of steel and iron. We were told that average consumption of pig iron in Great Britain had grown from 5,430,000 tons in 1876 to 7,880,000 tons in 1903; but this was as nothing compared with an expansion in Germany from 2,210,000 tons to 9,640,000 tons, and in the United States from 2,200,000 tons to 18,580,000 tons. The summarized statements, how-

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ever, ignored one salient feature: On a per capita basis, the United Kingdom increased its consumption of pig iron from 361 tons to 412 tons, Germany from 114 tons to 367 tons, and the United States from 101 tons to 517 tons. To be sure, there is to-day a larger per capita use of steel in both this country and Germany than in Great Britain; but undoubtedly this is largely due to the much greater railroad mileage required by the two former than by compact and densely populated England.

As to "dumping," the report does not make out a good case after all. It abounds in such assertions as these: "We are not conscious of having suffered any diminution of trade in foreign and colonial markets or *at home*"; "no goods which we manufacture are sold in this country below cost"; "we gain far more from cheap foreign billets than we lose from competition in our own manufactures." It should be stated, too, that in many cases the information imparted to the Commission is of a hearsay character. The evidence, on the whole, is as valuable to the free traders as to the Chamberlainites. The situation could easily be duplicated in this country. No end of affidavits could be secured from American manufacturers regarding low prices made by foreign competitors in our market; and yet we are not living under British free trade, but under that most beneficent of human enactments—the Dingley tariff. The fright over dumping springs from an hallucination. The people seized with it are like the people who "enjoy" poor health, which is generally imaginary. According to Board of Trade estimates, the total iron and steel trade of Great Britain amounts at least to $700,000,000. The imports, however, are only $25,000,000, and many of these are indispensable to the success of the British ironmaster. Certainly, if the Commission's conclusions regarding other trades are no better founded than those on iron and steel, they will, as British critics point out, be worth little.

Mr. Chamberlain touched his lowest depth on Thursday night when he promised the Nottinghamshire farmers protection equal to that which manufacturers are to enjoy under the fiscal-reform plan. One can imagine the joy of the honest leaseholder when he was assured of 50 cents a quarter on all foreign grain (about 10 per cent.), and a prohibitive duty on foreign flour, with 5 per cent. on dairy, poultry, and garden products. Moreover, Mr. Chamberlain promised abundant and profitable employment, and he enunciated the novel doctrine that the general depression preceding the repeal of the Corn Law was due, not to the price of food, but to lack of well-paid work. The speech was apparently an open appeal to the self-interest of his hearers. Fortunately, there are Asquiths to explain how rubbishy the promise of agrarian protection is, and also the ascription of hard times to lack of employment. Ten per cent. on grains may look very grand, but England, in the nature of the case, can grow only an inconsiderable quantity of grain, and of that very little wheat. Grain taxes, particularly if they are remitted in behalf of the Colonies, are a mere pretence. As for lack of employment causing hard times, it is probably a jest in Notts as elsewhere that shortness of breath is a universal cause of death.

In the mouth of a less potent individual than Mr. Chamberlain, this nonsense would be negligible. He, we believe, cannot long continue to promise the farmer dear food without falling foul of the factory workman. Foul of Mr. Balfour, who has steadfastly opposed food taxes, he is already. Three weeks ago he predicted that the "whole-hogger would beat the half-hearter." Later, he gave ironical thanks for Mr. Balfour's sympathy, saying that he would on the whole prefer his support. Mr. Balfour believes that fiscal reform should be discussed at length; Mr. Chamberlain believes in an immediate appeal to the constituencies. When these two pots meet in the parliamentary rapids, the Brummagem pot will have no need to dread the collision. Such unquestionably is Mr. Chamberlain's thought when he shifts the fighting from iron schedules and Imperial unity to the food tax.

With the opening of the Subway Tavern, under Bishop Potter's auspices and with the singing of the doxology, begins a very interesting social experiment. The promoters assume that the chief evils of liquor selling to-day are the inordinate profits that can be made by selling vile stuff and encouraging the habit of drinking at a bar. Accordingly, this model saloon is planned to pay its stockholders 5 per cent., any surplus going towards similar taverns. The site chosen, Bleecker and Mulberry Streets, is admirable for experimental purposes. If a model saloon can remain exemplary in that region, the case for the model saloon is proved. Probably no scheme of this sort has reposed such confidence in the people; there is no discrimination in favor of fermented against distilled beverages; there is no attempt, unlike Earl Grey's "Trust" public houses, to make the managers' profit depend on the sale of food; in short, there is no paternalism of any sort in the plan. The public-spirited gentlemen who have financed the scheme fly simply the flag "Good whiskey and good order." Superior worldly wisdom appears only in the installation of a soda-water fountain for women—a feature as likely to shed a certain domestic aura about the Tavern as it is to repel confirmed topers.

The beauty and beneficence of a Chinese wall tariff seem to suffer a sad sea change when it appears in Rio Janeiro. The Brazilian Chamber of Deputies has passed on its first reading a bill which raises the Brazilian customs tariff to a prohibitive height. This would seem to imply, according to the Republicans, that the canny Brazilians knew a good thing when they saw it. One would suppose that we ought to rejoice at this evidence of advancing civilization in the tropics. But just the opposite view is apparently taken by our high-tariff Administration. Our representative in Rio Janeiro, along with the representatives of Germany, France, and other Powers, "simultaneously approached the Government, asking it to use its influence" for the maintenance of the present Brazilian tariff. The force of hypocrisy could no further go. A high tariff is the sheet anchor of prosperity north of the equator, but a sad mistake, even an international menace, to the southward. One can picture the repressed exultation with which the Brazilian Government might suggest to the representatives of the Powers, that the one among them without sin may properly cast the first stone at the wicked Brazilian Congress.

That must have been a thrilling moment for Younghusband and Macdonald when their brigade halted under the walls of Lhasa. At a blow they had knocked over century-old traditions of inviolability; their quick-firers were ready to reduce by one the not overgreat supply of holy cities in the world. Meanwhile, their mission lags. The Dalai Lama has fled, and only the Chinese Viceroy remains to treat with the conquerors. One would like to believe with Lord Curzon that the expedition is bringing to the Tibetans anything better than they have had. But we are forced to recall the fact that only a diplomatic point of honor is at issue; that the harmless fanatics of the mountain tops have been mowed down because negotiations of nearly twenty years' standing were not moving quickly enough to suit Lord Curzon. That was a point of honor; now let us watch the test of honor on the British side. Mr. Balfour has declared that the expedition seeks nothing but a satisfactory treaty with the Lama. That attained, nobody may demand a resident at Lhasa, cite the tea trade and the treachery of the Russians, prate of introducing the blessings of civilization among this "miserable, priest-ridden people" (Lord Curzon's words), without convicting himself of using the old cant to cover a new usurpation. We shall see.

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A DISSOLVENT CANDIDACY.

It is already evident that Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy is to be like Mr. Bryan's in 1896 in at least one respect—that of breaking up the previous alignment of parties. A series Republican defection exists. It is not nearly so great as the falling away of the Gold Democrats from Bryan; it is not organized, and will not be; but it is both undeniable and extensive. Many Republicans openly declare that they will not vote for Roosevelt; more say so privately; still more express their dislike of the President's methods and policies, and admit that they are uncertain what to do in November. No candid friend of the President's can go about the country without discovering Republicans of all these classes. The *Evening Post's* special correspondent at the Chicago Convention, after mingling with delegates from all parts of the land, reported it as a well ascertained fact that "many Republicans" would refuse to support Mr. Roosevelt.

That many Democrats, on the contrary, would vote for him was a conclusion embodied in the same dispatch. Events have since borne it out. The dissolvent candidacy of Mr. Roosevelt has already won Democrats as well as repelled Republicans. A few Gold Democrats of high standing, like Mr. Oscar Straus and ex-District Attorney Philbin, have declared for him. Their preference is frankly put on personal grounds. But their numbers are certainly not great, and invite, of course, comparison with the thousands of their way of thinking who came out for McKinley in 1896. Looking at their class alone, Roosevelt would appear wofully weaker than McKinley. But the expectation, and the evidence, is that a great many Democrats at the other end of the line will go over to Roosevelt. Several ferocious Bryanites have noisily proclaimed their allegiance to him. Others are saying more quietly that "Roosevelt is good enough" for them. So are a horde of Populists and Socialists, people with crotchets and nostrums and short-cuts to the millennium. For every high-toned Democrat that Roosevelt wins, he will get a dozen of the agitator kind with wild notions in their heads.

Now, why is this? Why do so many rolling-eyed Democrats feel themselves gravitating to Roosevelt. It is not that they are angry and spiteful on account of the waning of Bryanism within their own party. They are moved by no special hatred or special distrust of Judge Parker. No; the fascination of Roosevelt for them is to be explained on the ground that they perceive a real affinity between him and them. He is one of their kind, they think. It is not a question with them of free-and-easy manners or of likes and distastes, but of the fundamental attitude towards political problems. They see the President rash and heady like themselves. In his impatience of study or deliberation; in his impetuous desire to apply a political remedy instanter, without waiting to see if it be not worse than the disease; in the hospitality of his mind to radical suggestions; in his way of looking at law, too, as something to be got over or knocked down if it stands in his path, they feel themselves strangely in sympathy with him. If they could have their wish, they would employ his rapid-fire method in all branches of public administration, letting nothing alone, making footballs of ancient landmarks, and reading their duty in their own transient whim or wish, not in statute or Constitution.

The upshot of the whole is, clearly, to make that dividing asunder of parties for which Mr. Roosevelt stands appear painfully like a separation between steady intelligence and impulsive ignorance. The candidate drives away thoughtful Republicans; he makes the vacancy good by welcoming the half-baked upheavers who, whether they call themselves Democrats, Populists, or Socialists, perceive in Mr. Roosevelt something which attunes him to them. Like another Lord Randolph Churchill, he has flung himself upon the raw passions of the country, instead of appealing to its reasoned convictions, and he has his reward. He has created a sort of Tory Democracy, fed on promises of a social heaven on earth. By a sure instinct, the visionaries and destroyers are drawn to the man who has shown himself willing to let the educated classes go, if only he could entrench himself in the affection of the unthinking multitude.

This kinship between Rooseveltian ideas and the residuum of Bryanism, as developed in the readjustment of parties going on under our eyes, is a political phenomenon of the deepest significance. It goes far to explain the profound distrust of the President which he has inspired in so many who were once his ardent admirers. They are ready to say of him, as David Hume said of Sir Robert Walpole: "As a man I love him; as a scholar I hate him; and as a Briton I calmly wish his fall." That is to say, Mr. Roosevelt's personal charm cannot conceal from a penetrating eye the fact that he has proved recreant to his antecedents and training, and has so made himself the protagonist of all who are for hazardous experiment, lawless method, swollen outlay, and a dulled sense of honor in public affairs, that his political rejection would be for the good of the country.

AFTER "THE MANDATE."

One of Hearst's campaign managers, A. S. Dulin of Washington, declares that many of the army of discontent and disturbance which was rallied under the Hearst banner are going to support Roosevelt. He is nearer their ideal than is Judge Parker. Mr. Dulin explains that they expect the President, once safely elected, to be more to their mind than ever. "Many of these Democrats believe that, with a popular vote as his endorsement, he would feel that he had a freer hand to punish all Trust transgressors." This intimation that an accession of strength is coming to the Republicans from a source which they were a little while ago describing as a grave peril to the country is printed with every appearance of satisfaction in a leading organ of their party.

Now, of course, no candidate for the Presidency is bound to refuse the support or votes of men whom he dislikes or even thinks dangerous. Roosevelt has to accept the aid of Quigg and Payn and such Republican cattle; Parker cannot decline the support of Devery or McCarren. Men put up to be voted for have to take the votes that are offered. In so far, therefore, Mr. Roosevelt is under no obligation to disclaim with indignation being made the residuary legatee of the Hearst movement. If the enemies of property and of society who were carried along with it propose to vote for him, there is no way of stopping them. They cannot be enjoined from casting their ballots for him. At the same time, the fact that they prefer him, that they believe their unsettling policies more likely to be furthered by him than by Judge Parker, is a fact which may fairly, and should be carefully, taken into consideration by those who wish to vote, not to gratify their personal or party prejudices, but to consult the best good of the country for the longest time.

The effect of the coming election upon the wild-eyed, agitating classes in this nation—the men who dream of the vast exaltation of labor at the expense of capital, who are, at heart, levellers and destroyers, who would recast all laws bearing upon property, and would pull down the social edifice in a night so as to make it over according to their visionary plans—the effect upon them of the choice of the next President is one which every thoughtful citizen should take seriously into his reckoning. One thing is evident: if Judge Parker is defeated, the tendency will be to throw the control of the Democratic party into the hands of the revolutionaries of the baser sort. They will say: "Oh, you tried being respectable and conservative, but failed. Now give us our turn." Hence we should be apt to get Hearst or worse four years from now. That is a contingency before which patriotic Americans may well stand aghast; and the argument that such a calamity might be forever averted by the election of Judge Parker, with its inevitable result of steadying and solidifying the Democratic party in sound political methods,

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is certainly one which must weigh heavily with the reflective.

But, it will be said, to suppose that President Roosevelt is a Hearstite is absurd. Doubtless. Nevertheless, it may be true that he has done much to feed the hopes of those who are looking for sweeping changes in the laws affecting property and individual rights. Mr. Roosevelt has, in fact, shown once more how true it is that concession to an unsound agitation is the poorest of all ways of meeting it. Instead of causing it to abate, you only inflame it. Take the present arrogant and perilous attitude of organized labor: who can doubt that the President's obsequiousness to the unions, with his unconcealed catering to the labor vote, has been one efficient cause of the epidemic of senseless strikes this year? His loose talk about the need of new laws in control of private property has also helped on those whose recipe for social happiness is confiscation. We are not arguing for a policy of repression, or for maintaining an absolutely unyielding attitude in the presence of complaints and of political unrest. But the way to meet agitation is not by rash personal intervention, but by the application of the old resources of liberty and law, by patient discussion, by the slow working out of appropriate remedies, and not by off-hand panaceas. A man of Judge Parker's temperament would strive to allay discontent by the deliberate use of the healing measures in the treasure-house of the law; and would not be so disposed as Mr. Roosevelt to create ten new demands where he yielded to one.

We are frank to say that we do not think, with the sanguine Hearstites, that the President, after getting a mandate from the people, would at once start out on a mad career of "Trust-busting." His real temptation would come in another way. If elected, he is going to be plunged into severe financial troubles. Income will be far behind expenditure. To retrench would be intolerable to Mr. Roosevelt. He has a thousand lavish schemes to put through—rural free delivery, higher pensions, more irrigation, a $500,000,000 canal, a bigger navy. New taxes will have to be laid, and what kind the President would favor is little in doubt. Taxes that the people would directly feel he would never think of; and to foot the bills for all his paternalistic plans he would turn to socialistic taxation. Along that line—that is, in the form of confiscatory legislation—corporations have much more to fear from him than in the way of spectacular (but exceedingly prudent) "busting" of Trusts. And that would please the followers of Hearst just as well.

WAGES AND THE COST OF LIVING.

The July Bulletin of the Bureau of Labor makes possible an estimate of the changes which the last decade has witnessed in the ability of the average family budget to keep pace with what has generally been an upward movement in the expenses of living. It may be said at the outset that the effort to make political capital out of this report of the Bureau of Labor will prove wholly nugatory. Nowhere in the statistics cited is there even the shadow of an attempt to indicate the causes of variations in either incomes or prices. The figures do not cover the present calendar year, and the estimates of wages are not of aggregate wages, but only of the comparative rate of wages for given time-periods, like the hour or week, without prejudice to the inquiry whether the total hours or weeks of employment are greater at one time than another. It is fortunate, from the scientific point of view, that the tables are mere bloodless statistics. They are thus protected from current partisan misrepresentation, and allow as dispassionate study and analysis as the *Nautical Almanac*—though it is to be hoped of somewhat more general interest.

What we have in the Bulletin is practically a summary and forecast of the eighteenth and nineteenth annual reports of Commissioner Wright's Bureau. What it gives us, therefore, is an abridged account of three investigations which have been in progress since the winter of 1900-1901. They were made by special agents, and had for their object to ascertain, first, the cost of living in 1901, or, more accurately, the analysis of the average family budget of expenditure for that year; second, the statistics of retail prices from 1890 to 1901, though it was found possible to include also 1902 and 1903; and, third, wages and hours of labor for the same period.

The first inquiry was of a character similar to the study of family budgets first begun by Engel. Some 2,467 families, distributed throughout the country, and receiving incomes never in excess of $1,200, were approached by special agents and induced to give information of the percentage of their total expenditure which went for specified objects in 1901. The families averaged 5.31 persons each, and, of the total average family expenditure of $768.54, the distribution upon particular objects was as follows:

Food	42.54 per cent.
Rent	12.95 per cent.
Clothing	14.04 per cent.
Fuel and light	5.25 per cent.
Furniture and utensils	3.42 per cent.
Miscellaneous	21.80 per cent.
Total	100.00 per cent.

The second inquiry was an investigation of the course of retail prices of food for the period 1891-1903. The prices tabulated and averaged were those of thirty different articles of food sold to consumers in the same places where the study of family budgets had been made. This is the first extended investigation into retail prices over a considerable period that has been made in this country. The result as to retail prices of food in the period 1891-1903 shows that in general they were least in 1896 and highest in 1902, the level of last year being 15.5 per cent. above that of 1896.

From the ascertained variations in the prices of food and an inspection of the relative wholesale prices of other items of family expenditure, the conclusion is drawn that the "increase in the cost of living, as a whole, in 1903, when compared with the year of lowest prices (1896), was less than 15.5 per cent." The expert statistician is apt to remark here that "the inductive hazard" involved is taken very lightly. There seems no reason in the nature of things why the cost of housing could not be ascertained in the same places where the cost of food was discovered. And when we remember that 57.46 per cent. of the family expenditure is not itemized in the same method as the cost of food, and that clothing (14.04 per cent. of the total outlay), and fuel and lighting (5.25 per cent. of the total outlay) are presumed to conform to the rise in foodstuffs, we are bound to wish that before the appearance of the final report there may be a more careful inquiry into this rather inconclusive procedure.

The last inquiry, into wages, is the necessary supplement to the investigation into prices. The method pursued was to obtain access to the payrolls in 3,429 typical establishments in manufacturing and mechanical industry. From the examination of these records the attempt is made to ascertain for the period 1891-1903 the number of hands employed, the hours of employment per week, and the wages per hour. The most serious criticism, from a statistical standpoint, to be passed upon the report connects itself with the method made use of to calculate the percentage of employment of hands at different years during the decade. In the calculation of the prices of foodstuffs, it was eminently proper to take as a norm or base of comparison the ten-year average price of each commodity, in order to eliminate the various accidents that in any given year reflect themselves in the price of a single commodity. But in comparing the numbers of employees for each year of a period, it is wholly illusory to take as a base of comparison the average number employed for the period. The reason is that while there is a certain normal price for each commodity which will, barring accident, be the same one year with another, the number employed per annum, barring oscillations of prosperity and adversity, is *growing with the annual growth of the population.* To illustrate: if in 1850 there were 10,000,000 people in gainful occupations, and to-day there are 20,000,000, it would be manifestly absurd to take the average—let us say 15,000,000—as a base wherewith to designate the relatively greater

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or smaller percentages employed at the two extremes. The employment of this method would inevitably show that employment in 1850 was 66 2-3 per cent. and in 1900 was 133 1-3 per cent. of "the base." The base of comparison in this case is a ghostly penumbra of "an hypostatized abstraction," which is bound to disclose increased employment for the latter years of the series.

So far as the deduction concerning the hours of labor per week are concerned, the showing of the investigation is wholly unimportant. At most a decrease of 4 per cent. appears. To interpret even such a decrease as evidence of improved conditions of employment is dangerous. For, notoriously, short orders and slack employment often reduce the working day. When, finally, the relative purchasing power of weekly earnings per employee is tabulated, the variations in the statistical average wage for the last decade are remarkably small. Thus, the purchasing power of the weekly earnings of the average employee appears to have varied from 96.9 in 1893 to 103.0 in 1900, the figures for 1903 being 101.8. Taking a comprehensive view of the entire phenomena of the period, it is clear that wage incomes on the average have not very greatly varied. If they have not shown a continuous growth upward, neither have they shown any indication of a normal tendency to decline. Another fact which the report proves is the inability of statistics of average wages to indicate even faintly the sufferings induced by hard times among large sections of the laboring class. Pascal's remark that the ordinary man judges of most things rightly because he is in "the natural state of ignorance," seems applicable to the common-sense verdict passed by the man on the street upon the nature of industrial depressions.

WORLD'S FAIRS AND TARIFFS.

The managers of the World's Fair at St. Louis continue to complain that it is not sufficiently advertised. The press of the country has not, in their opinion, devoted enough of its space gratuitously to the ventilating of the wonders of the Exposition, which ought to appeal to the editors as news.

On that point the management of the Fair must concede to the management of the press the right to a difference of judgment. Newspapers, like shows, have to be conducted on a practical business basis in order to succeed; and editors are in the best position to discover what interests their readers. They long ago ascertained that the public at large had ceased to crave information of the conventional sort about world's fairs. It now requires something out of the common order to stir the pulses when that subject is concerned. The Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia followed so long an interval of quiescence, and had so many sentimental considerations in its favor, that people gladly flocked from all parts of the United States to attend it. The gap of a half-generation between that and the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, the admirable location of the latter, and its combination of magnitude with compactness and artistic unity, attracted great crowds. But the St. Louis Fair, magnificent as all accounts agree in representing it, trod too close upon the heels of its immediate predecessor to hope for a general revival of public interest in its behalf; and the funds appropriated for its publicity department were spent for the most part on the preliminaries—in the glorification of projects rather than the exploitation of achievements—so that when an artificial stimulus to the flagging curiosity of the world seems necessary, the managers are short both of advertising and of money wherewith to procure it.

There is one way in which the Exposition Company can set people talking again about the Fair and get all the advertisement desired. Let it come to the front with a frank statement of the troubles of world's-fair management as it has found them out by experience. Let it confess that at the bottom of everything lies a protective system which insists upon plucking both fruit and flowers from the same tree at the same time: the fruit of profit by an excessive margin of tariff taxation, and the flowers of display in a barmecide feast called a universal industrial exhibition. On its industrial side, where is there anything at the St. Louis Fair from which either Americans or foreigners can derive practical business advantage? American producers have nothing to gain from the study of products which are not permitted to compete with theirs in their own market, and therefore are not to be feared; and foreigners certainly have nothing to incite them to a show of skill in comparison with people who will not give them a chance for rivalry on an equal footing. It is an open secret that the rest of the world did not, as a rule, take at all kindly to the idea of another world's fair in the United States when it was first broached to them a couple of years ago, and that the so-called diplomacy which finally won them over was but thinly disguised begging. In some instances, it is said, it became necessary to hold out an implied promise that the present Fair should be the last of its kind in whose behalf the charity of the outside world would be solicited in this manner. It was a humiliating concession, yet the only response that could be made to the question raised abroad on every side: "Of what use will such an outlay be to us? As long as our American rivals in trade control the conditions on which our goods may enter your markets, what reason have we for showing our handiwork to your people? As for showing them to others, there are better opportunities nearer home."

In keeping with the spirit which excited these complaints is the treatment accorded the exhibitors who have charge of foreign departments. The idea that even museum specimens and curios must wear a customs label, though never intended for sale, impossible to appraise had they been so intended, and perfectly easy to identify if, through theft or carelessness, they escaped from the hands of their custodians, is absurd on its face. It is rendered still more obnoxious to the æsthetic sense by the rule which requires the plastering of ancient shields and Oriental silver work, lent by royal collectors, with little disks of paper as emblems of the vigilance of our customs officers. Even the wrappings in which these unique objects came into the country must be preserved so as to cover them when the time comes for sending them home again; and a four-dollar-a-day employee of the Treasury Department will stand guard to protect the Government of the United States against the assumed willingness of some eminent man of science to float through the junk-shops a relic or two of priceless value which he is in honor bound to return to the collection from which it was borrowed as a favor to the American people!

It is such things as these that do more damage to a world's fair than could be undone by any amount of advertising. The managers of the St. Louis Exposition are not to blame, individually, for the shortcomings of our tariff system, with its universal premise of the dishonesty of all mankind outside of our own country, as well as of any of our compatriots who, in Stanley Matthews's classic phraseology, "have to do with abroad." Every world's fair held while such a system remains must suffer from its effects. The conductors of the one now open could jog the memory of the public as to its existence in no more effective way than by speaking their honest minds on this phase of the subject.

RUSSIA AND GERMANY.

Despite the calmness with which the German Government and people have received the news of the taking of the mails from the *Prinz Heinrich*, the capture of the *Arabia*, and the sinking of the *Thea* by the Russian cruisers, there is a noticeable change in the general tone of press and public towards their Eastern neighbors. From the first, the sympathy of the army has been with the Russians. "They are our only friends," is the way the officers have put it. With certain commercial classes the war has been popular, notwithstanding the falling off in trade with the East and the Baltic ports, because of the enormous sums which the Czar's ministers have spent and are spending in Germany. The

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Krupp shipbuilding yards in Kiel, the Schichau works in Elbing and Dantzic, the great Loewe Arms Factory, the Vulkan Ship Works in Stettin, and several torpedo factories have received enormous orders for ships and weapons, while the cable brings news of fresh efforts to acquire German vessels for immediate naval purposes.

More weighty than all these influences has been the attitude of the Government. As if there were a survival of the old Kaiserbund, the Emperor and his Chancellor have left no stone unturned to show their friendship for the embattled Czar. The Kaiser's telegram to his Russian regiment, on its departure for the front, and the comparative ease with which the Russian commercial treaty was renewed, bespeak the friendliness of the two governments quite as much as does the polite way in which the German Ministry has proceeded in regard to the questionable actions of the Russian warships. Indeed, so far has this amicability been carried as of itself to cause a popular reaction, and to create a widespread belief that there is some secret agreement between the Emperors, if not between the nations, although this has been denied on good authority.

Perhaps the most important factor in bringing about a change in sentiment has been the recent trial at Königsberg of a number of German subjects on the charge of high treason in sending incendiary and nihilistic documents across the frontier. It was alleged that this was a crime as prescribed in the treaties and laws of Germany. But it speedily appeared that, as Russia had never agreed to undertake the same procedure in the case of German citizens, there was no obligation whatever on Germany's part to do police work for Russia within the dominions of the Kaiser. The case at once recalled the readiness with which the Chancellor last winter expelled from Berlin Russian students of both sexes who had participated in mass meetings criticising their own Government. The suspicion then aroused that Von Bülow, to attain his own ends, was quite ready to do any dirty work required by the Russian bureaucracy, was confirmed by the treason prosecutions. The best that the Government's friends could say was that its prosecuting officials in Königsberg had been a little blind in their zeal. As it turned out, the trial resulted in the acquittal of all the prisoners on the charge of high treason, and the conviction of three of the nine for conspiring in secret, for which offence they were lightly punished. This fiasco has naturally reflected credit on neither Government.

As if this were not enough, the revelations of Russian methods brought out in the course of a trial of two weeks—whose proceedings appeared verbatim in the leading German dailies—have been truly sensational. It appeared that the state's prosecutor called in the Russian consul to help him translate the offending documents, and that that honorable official had inserted in his German copy of one pamphlet sentences demanding the murder of the Czar. This was, of course, deliberate cheating and forgery. But, not content with that achievement, this worthy, in translating a portion of the law of Russia upon which the prosecution was based, carefully omitted the all-important phrase that such a procedure must depend upon mutual agreement between Russia and the other nation involved. Naturally there was a storm of indignation that the German officials should thus have become parties to or victims of Russian deceit and subterfuge.

As is so often the case when tyranny seeks to suppress the truth, even with the aid of the law, its procedure has become a veritable boomerang. The prisoners, defended by the most skilful counsel, were able to introduce a flood of evidence relating to the horrors of Russia's internal rule. The long list of assassinations of Russian officials was brought out in full, together with the terrible cruelties which gave birth to the party of terrorism. Among other revelations, it was sworn that the attempt to assassinate Prince Obolenski by Katshur was due to his having had the men of an entire village flogged and having turned their women over to the brutalities of a band of Cossacks. And this Prince is the new governor-general of Finland, appointed by the Czar to bring about the absolute submission of its people! Needless to say, the atrocities at Kishenev were gone over again in great detail, particularly with relation to the complicity of the officials, in order to prove the truth of the revolutionary documents at issue.

It was brought out, moreover, that each assassination, save that of the Czar Alexander II., was due to some definite act of cruelty or tyranny on the part of the victim. Thus, the death of Minister Bogelpow was the result of his having ordered hundreds of students at Kiev to be forced into the army because of their public demonstrations. When Tsipiägin then ordered the military to shoot the students if they made any further trouble, a Kiev student promptly ended this official's career. Similarly, when Governor von Wahl of Wilna had innocent onlookers at a demonstration given thirty blows from the knout, on their bare bodies, he was instantly shot at.

All of these and a host of other gloomy pictures of Russian conditions have now been sent out through the world because of the stupid insistence of the Russian authorities that Germany proceed against the Königsberg offenders. Doubtless the Nihilists are giving thanks today that such publicity beyond price has come to them, and are rejoicing that this misstep of their enemies has gone a long way towards depriving Russia of the friendship of the German people.

THE 600TH ANNIVERSARY OF PETRARCH'S BIRTH.

FLORENCE, July 24, 1904.

Arezzo is one of the most pleasantly situated Tuscan hill towns. Perhaps no other place of its size in Italy can boast of so many illustrious sons, all the way from the prince of literary patrons, Mæcenas, to the genial artist and architect and man of letters, Vasari. But Arezzo's chief glory is that here was born, during the temporary exile of his father, Francesco Petrarcha, justly styled the first modern scholar. He was born July 20, 1304, and this day has been celebrated in a fittingly impressive manner by not a few eminent scholars and men of letters from all parts of Italy as well as from abroad. That the Aretines fully appreciated the importance of the occasion itself as well as the tribute paid by the presence of so many distinguished outsiders, was evidenced by the gala appearance of the whole town. From all the windows hung gay drapes of silk brocades and damask stuffs richly embroidered. The street from the railway station to the heart of the town was lined with painted banners and large medallions of Arezzo's fourteen greatest heroes. Every night for a week appropriate illuminations have taken place.

The festivities began on the morning of the 20th with the arrival of the Count of Turin, who came to represent the King. He, with his staff, as well as Orlando, the Minister of Instruction, the orator of the day, drove to the Municipio, in the antique rooms of which a reception was held under the auspices of the Petrarch committee and the chief dignitaries of the town. After the guests had partaken of iced refreshments that served to abate in part the great heat of the day, we all went across the beautiful piazza to the palace of the prefect adjoining the Via dell' Orto, in which is situated Petrarch's birthplace. From the balcony of this palace Commendatore Gamurrini pronounced a brief address at the unveiling of a commemorative tablet.

We then adjourned to the Politeama Theatre, where Minister Orlando delivered an animated address upon Petrarch. The specially invited guests, delegates from abroad, and the Aretine officials were comfortably seated on the stage, grouped about the Count of Turin. The pit and boxes were packed with an attentive throng of enthusiastic spectators. For more than a month the papers have given abstracts from various lectures and addresses made in various parts of Italy in commemoration of the Petrarch anniversary. More recently still there have been reported the festivities celebrated at Avignon and Vaucluse. But none of the various speeches have approached the oration of Minister Orlando, in point either of eloquence or of substance. The elegance of his diction was very marked, even in the land of oftentimes over-elaborate periods. A more adequate, more forceful, clearer, or more stirring address on his subject could not be imagined. And it is a subject that richly merits scholarly and thoroughly sympathetic treatment. As the minister justly remarked, Dante (who, to

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so many Italians as well as to nearly all foreigners, represents the *summum bonum* of Italian literary art) was, after all, not so universal a poet as at first sight he may appear. He was intensely patriotic, but often in that peculiarly local (I will not say provincial) sense best expressed by the singularly apposite word *campanelismo*. His fancy ever and ever reverted to his "bel San Giovanni"; and while no one has ever reviled Florence as did Dante, no one ever loved it so well by half, ungratefully exiled from it though he was. Petrarch, on the other hand, loved *Italy* as Dante loved Florence. To Dante, Italy was an abstraction; to Petrarch, Italy was a far more clearly realized possibility.

In the evening a dinner was given in honor of Minister Orlando. At this there sat down some seventy persons, most of whom, in common with all who could gain admission to the opera-house, attended a gala performance of "Tosca."

The morning of the 21st was devoted to the inauguration of a Petrarch Congress, presided over by Minister Orlando, who announced a new edition of the great humanist's works, to be undertaken under Government auspices with the best editorial talent obtainable. Then followed the introduction of delegates, who, amid lively applause, tendered their university's or their city's cordial greeting. It was a matter of great satisfaction to see that the American representatives outnumbered those of the other and nearer countries. Foremost among them was Prof. Minton Warren, who brought the good-will and hearty greeting of Harvard. Professors McKenzie of Yale and Joselyn of Boston spoke a few moments each in extemporary Italian, which was warmly applauded by the appreciative audience. The Countess Evelyn Cesaresco Martinengo (whose masterly life of Cavour and other works have rendered her as well known in her adopted country as she is in England) being mentioned by name, the entire audience rose and burst into frenetic demonstrations.

In view of the recent cementing of a logical and genuine friendship between France and Italy, it was pleasant to observe the numerous French delegates' enthusiastic reception. Baron Guillebert, secretary of the Academy of Aix (who, at the close of Minister Orlando's address on the 20th, offered a beautiful wreath of flowers culled from Laura's garden near Avignon), the mayor of Avignon, and others, were cordially received, but none more so than the famous Petrarch specialist, M. Pierre de Nolhac. In the evening the Patronesses of the Committee held a delightful reception, somewhat after the informal manner of a garden party. The unwearied kindness and hospitality shown in every way by the Aretines will be long remembered by their grateful guests.

The 22d, Friday, was devoted to the reading of papers before the Congress by French, English, and Italian scholars. In the afternoon Monsignore Salvadori, a Petrarch scholar in Rome of Aretine birth, delivered an inspiring address upon the poet, both learned and eloquent. Following close upon the heels of this came a very delightful pageant intended to portray Petrarch's return to Arezzo in 1350. The costumes were brilliant, that of the Podestà being especially gorgeous. The Petrarch very successfully counterfeited the accepted portrait. A joust then took place. An account by the romanticist, T. Grossi, was followed, in the presentation, by the breaking of lances on horseback against a *quintin*, the likeness of a Saracen's bust mounted on a pedestal and serving as target.

On Saturday the 23d a party of ninety persons were taken by special train into the Casentino, that wonderful region so full of present beauty and of Dantesque associations. At Poppi we were driven in carriages to visit the castle dwelt in of old by the "fair Gualdrada"; and there the mayor most courteously offered us refreshments. Thence, after a brief inspection of the library, we were driven by way of the battlefield of Campaldino to Romena, another of Dante's temporary resting-places during his exile. This impressive hill, flanked by a beautiful abbey church as well as by the Fonte Branda and crowned by its ruined castle, is owned by the Florentine Count Goretti-Flamini, who had ready for us a sumptuous lunch on the green turf of the court. A threatened shower which did no more than threaten kept the air cool, and the clouds racing past gave most wonderful effects all the way from the peak of Falterona and Porciano's towers that once held Dante, to Poppi, Bibbiena, the mountain of La Verna, and the Pratomagno range, beyond which lies Vallombrosa. Our return to Arezzo, in the late afternoon, brought to a close one of the pleasantest anniversary celebrations of recent years.

THOMAS D. BERGEN.

MORILLOT'S LA BRUYÈRE.

CHANTILLY, July 27, 1904.

There has not been much change in the park which surrounds the castle of Chantilly. The castle itself was demolished in part during the Revolution and rebuilt on a new plan by the Duke d' Aumale; but there are still the great parterres, as they were designed by Lenôtre; the great alleys; the great canal, where flows the water of the River Nonette, the work of the Great Condé, the hero, as he was called in his time. How often, during his long retreat at Chantilly, he must have taken a walk in these immense gardens, to the pleasant murmur of "Ces eaux qui ne se taisent ni jour ni nuit," as Bossuet said in his celebrated funeral oration on Condé. Here, also, he saw familiarly La Bruyère, who was so long attached to his house.

I brought with me to Chantilly a Life of La Bruyère, written lately by M. Paul Morillot, a volume which takes its place in that excellent series, "Les Grands Écrivains Français," published by Hachette. As usual, this study of a great French writer is subdivided systematically. The author deals successively with "l'Homme," "l'Écrivain," "le Peintre," "le Philosophe." I must confess that I do not much approve of this method. I find it difficult, for instance, to separate the man from the writer, and the writer from the philosopher. I prefer the old-fashioned biographical method, which follows a man from the cradle to the grave and gives us his development in full, according to the accidents of his whole life. It is true that a biography of La Bruyère is difficult to write. We know hardly anything about the thirty-nine first years of his life, and he comes to light only towards 1684. Where was he born, and when? It was for a very long time impossible to answer these questions with any certainty. His baptismal act was found only in our time: we know now that in the Church of Saint Christopher, near Notre Dame, in the heart of Paris, was baptized, on the 17th of August, 1645, "Jehan, son of *noble homme* Loys de la Brière, comptroller of *rentes* of the city of Paris, and of demoiselle Izabelle Hamonyn."

The La Bruyères were among the "Ligueurs" at the time of the League. One of them was a member of the famous Council des Seize. They were not real noblemen, but Paris *bourgeois*. It is supposed that La Bruyère was a pupil of the Oratorians in his youth; like Racine, he knew the Greek language, and the Oratorians were the best teachers of Greek, together with the Port-Royalists. At the age of twenty, he took his degree of Licentiate in Civil Law, and wrote a thesis "De tutelis et *donationibus*." He was admitted to the bar in Paris, but there is no trace of his having long remained a lawyer. In 1673, we find him general treasurer in the financial bureau of the generality of Caen; this charge allowed him to entitle himself Esquire. He did not sojourn much in Normandy, and in 1686 he resigned. He was now forty years old, and so far had remained unknown and obscure. After the death of his father and his uncle, he continued to live quietly with his mother, a sister, two brothers, a sister-in-law, nephews, and nieces. He seems to have been in easy circumstances, for a curious document found by M. Servois (who edited with much care La Bruyère's 'Caractères' in the large and beautiful edition of Hachette) shows that he had servants, a carriage, and horses.

La Bruyère entered the household of the Great Condé at that time. In what capacity? "Was it as a preceptor?" asks M. Morillot. "Nothing in his past seems to have predisposed him to this exceptional life. On the contrary, everything seems to have withdrawn him from it. He had ordered his life well; he was free, he could philosophize and write at his ease; he had no calling for the life of a professor, and he liked children only moderately." Had he suffered any loss of fortune? Did he have the plebeian desire to enter a court? Did he wish to have a new, a larger field for his powers of observation and his general study of the society of his time? The Abbé d'Olivet says that "Bossuet generally gave to the princes the men of merit whom they needed." Did Bossuet indicate La Bruyère for Condé's choice? We can only make conjectures on this point.

The philosopher had from this time two apartments—one in Paris, at the Hôtel de Condé, the other at Chantilly. The Great Condé did not like the Court, and preferred to any other the society of littérateurs, He suffered much from gout, and had the disposition of an invalid. His son, the Duke d'Enghien, had not realized the hopes which his father formed of him. Saint-Simon, the severest of judges, has left a portrait of him which is terrible:

"There never were so many useful talents, there never was so much genius, put to no use. Only fit to be his own executioner and the scourge of others, . . . a bad son, a cruel father, a terrible husband,

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a detestable master; lacking friendship, destitute of friends, incapable of having any; jealous, susceptible, . . . of an angry disposition, and carried by his anger to the utmost excesses, keeping everybody trembling before him."

His wife, Anne of Bavaria, one of the daughters of Anne de Gonzague, the Princess of Clèves, was "alike ugly and virtuous," says Saint-Simon. Bossuet, in the famous funeral oration on the Palatine, says of her: "She often paid visits to her mother, and received consolations which made her forget the evils from which human life is never exempt."

La Bruyère's pupil was Condé's grandson, the Duke de Bourbon, who had inherited many of the traits of his father's character; he was impetuous, self-willed, despotic. Great pains were taken with his education; La Bruyère was not his only preceptor. We have a few letters of La Bruyère to Condé on the subject of the young prince, which tend to show that his education was too often deranged by amusements and by the necessity of joining the Court. The prince was as often at Versailles, at Paris, at Chambord, at Fontainebleau, as at Chantilly. He had to figure at balls during the carnival of 1685, at the very time when La Bruyère was expounding to him the 'Principles' of Descartes. He was soon afterwards married, at a very early age, according to the fashion of the court. The Great Condé died on the 11th of December, 1686, and the work of education was completely interrupted; it had lasted not more than eighteen months. La Bruyère remained, however, in the house of Condé. For what reason? He became a "gentilhomme" of the prince, with vague and ill-defined functions. He had few real friends among the other gentlemen of the household; we can hardly give that name to Canon Santeul, who was very expert in Latin verses, and who was one of the *familiers* of the house. La Bruyère liked him for his easy and simple ways, but he pitied and probably despised him. "Imagine," he says of him, "a man simple, credulous, playful, a child with gray hair. . . . He talks like a madman and thinks like a sage; he says true things ridiculously, and sensible and reasonable things madly." There is a single portrait of La Bruyère by Saint-Jean, which shows him to have been plain, with a harsh and contracted face. The fear of appearing too serious and pedantic sometimes led him into an opposite ridiculousness. The young minister Phélippeaux de Pontchartrain alludes in a letter to these maladroit outbursts of La Bruyère. Valincourt has a line on this subject which is significant: "During all the time he spent in the house of M. le Duc, people always laughed at him." They undoubtedly also esteemed him, and regretted him after he was gone.

Fortunately, La Bruyère could find consolation in letters. In March, 1688, there appeared at Estienne Michallet's, first printer to the King, a volume entitled 'The Characters of Theophrastes, translated from the Greek; with the Characters and Manners of this Century.' This first edition, which appeared without the name of La Bruyère, has become exceedingly rare, and fetches a very large price, especially when it is found in an original morocco binding. The volume begins with a "Discourse on Theophrastes," which is followed by the translation of the great moralist; the "Characters" come modestly only in the last two hundred pages. The name of the author of these admirable "Characters" was not long a secret; their success was immediate. Bussy, who was a good judge, wrote to La Bruyère: "The book will greatly please people of any wit, and in time it will please them still more." A second and third edition appeared the same year as the first, and are also much prized by bibliophiles. The encouragements of the public were so great that La Bruyère decided to add new "Characters" in every successive edition; the fifth edition, published in 1690, had 154 new ones; the sixth, published in 1691, had 77 more, some of them of very great importance; the seventh, published in 1692, had 77 more; the eighth, published in 1694, had 42; the ninth appeared three weeks after the author's death. It had been corrected and revised by him, and is therefore the most complete and the definitive edition. The genesis of this great work of La Bruyère has its importance, and bibliophiles take care to collect all the nine editions. As the work, so to speak, *crescit eundo*, La Bruyère becomes by degrees more independent, more bold in his criticisms; it is quite possible to find in every new edition a trace of some of the events which have taken place in recent years. Moreover, the succession of the editions has an indirect historical importance, and throws light on a period of the "grand siècle." La Bruyère was elected a member of the French Academy, not without difficulty, as the "Characters" had made him as many enemies as friends. He spent his last years in quiet meditations, seeing little of the world and of the agitations of Chantilly; he had a paralytic shock on the 10th of May, 1696, in Paris, and expired the next day. He was buried in the Church of Saint-Julien, in the Rue Sainte-Geneviève. The inventory of his rooms in the Hôtel de Condé at Versailles and at the Petit-Luxembourg is still preserved, and shows the great simplicity of his life and his habits. About five hundred volumes were found in them, on wooden shelves, and were sold at an average price of 14 *sols* apiece.

Correspondence.

PHILIPPINE OFFICEHOLDERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your paragraph in the issue of July 28, on the "Official Roster," leaves one with a very unpleasant feeling; with an impression that somebody must have, either carelessly or wilfully, made a mistake.

When we read in Mr. Roosevelt's reply to the address of the Notification Committee: ". . . . but we are governing the Philippines in the interest of the Philippine people themselves. . . . The great majority of the officials of the islands, whether elective or appointive, are already native Filipinos" (I quote from a Chicago daily), we were inclined to the feeling that we, the conquerors, were acting a generous part, and that the Administration deserved credit for its course. Then comes your paragraph and spoils it all. It may be that such a government is for "the interests of the Philippine people themselves," but that "Official Roster" gives such a prepotent idea that the Government is very much more for the interests of some others that Mr. Roosevelt's cue is a little hard to follow. In the next place, perhaps you, Mr. Editor, have made a mistake. You say: "Take the Executive Department. Here we find 175 American officeholders and 111 natives. . . . In other branches of the Government the comparison would bear still harder upon the natives." There is a positive clash here, for 111 is not a great majority, and if the other branches bear still harder upon the natives, what does Mr. Roosevelt mean? Perhaps you have blundered.—Yours, etc.,

F. J. LeMoyne.

Isham, Tenn., August 3, 1904.

GENERAL STARK'S CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Can any of your readers give information regarding correspondence of General John Stark before the battle of Bennington?

The letters desired are:

(1.) From John Stark to the New Hampshire Committee of Safety at Exeter, N. H., August 7, 1777; received at Exeter August 12, 1777.

(2.) From John Stark to General Benjamin Lincoln, August 13, 1777; acknowledged by Lincoln August 14.

(3.) Letters said to have passed between John Stark and General Philip Schuyler relative to Stark's plan to stay and fight at Bennington, between August 7 and August 16, 1777.

These letters are not in print, and they have not been found in the libraries of the State Historical Societies of New Hampshire, Vermont, or Massachusetts; the State Library at Albany, the Boston Public Library; the Boston Athenæum, the American Antiquarian Society, the Portsmouth Athenæum Libraries; or in the Sparks manuscripts in the Harvard Library. Search, so far unavailing, is being kindly made among papers in Manchester, N. H., and Hingham, Mass. Perhaps some of your readers may know of the existence or possible presence of the desired letters among private papers. It would be of great service in the preparation of an historical address if access to such letters could be had or copies made, and the courtesy would be very gratefully acknowledged. Herbert D. Foster.

Dartmouth College. Hanover, N. H., August 2, 1904.

RICHEPIN AND MANGAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: "L. C.," in his recent communication, under the title of "Richepin and Mangan," is right in his supposition that both poets took the idea of the "Bohémien" and "The World Changes" from the same poem—namely, from Friedrich Rückert's "Chidher," first published, I think, in his collection, 'Oestliche Rosen,' in 1822.

The poem consists of five stanzas, four of which have the refrain;

"Und aber nach fünfhundert Jahren
Kam ich desselbigen Weges gefahren;"

and the last concludes:

"Und aber nach fünfhundert Jahren,
Will ich desselbigen Weges fahren."

Max Landsberg.

Rochester, N. Y., August 6, 1904.

CARNEGIE BRANCH
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Notes.

Tolstoy's article on the war, "Bethink Yourselves," which appeared in the London *Times* of June 27 with thrilling effect, will be shortly printed in book form by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

P. S. King & Son, London, will soon have ready 'Canada and the Empire: An Examination of Trade Preferences,' by Edwin S. Montagu and Bron Herbert, who write from local studies.

An interval of two years separates the appearance of the second part of Mrs. Devonshire's translation of Taine's Life and Letters (E. P. Dutton & Co.) from that of Part I. The present instalment covers the period 1853-1870. The rendering is, as we formerly remarked, painstaking and correct, but not idiomatically free. Always we feel ourselves following closely the French—"Why do you not also try your hand at it, you who have plenty of leisure?" for "Why don't you too try your hand at it, since you have plenty of leisure?"

The latest volume in the series reviving the fiction of the day of colored illustrations (D. Appleton & Co.) is Surtees's '"Ask Mamma"; or, The Richest Commoner in England,' which first appeared in 1858. This date shines in the crinoline of Leech's heroines; and Leech's numerous designs, partly in color (though these suffer by reduction as the readability of the letterpress by condensing), are the chief attraction of this reprint apart from its reflection of contemporary manners.

Mr. G. W. Headlam's edition, in the original text, of Tocqueville's 'L'Ancien Régime' (H. Frowde) is now issued in a handy volume of 338 pages, including the editor's notes as well as the author's, and a brief index. The superiority in typographic accuracy over the French editions we will not question, but the necessity of compression into a single volume has deprived the page of some attractiveness. A brief biographical introduction is provided.

There is no particular reason why a foolish man should not be interested in writing a foolish book, but it is difficult to imagine a canny publisher persuaded into publishing such a baseless tissue of vagary as 'The Alternate Sex,' by the late Charles Godfrey Leland (Funk & Wagnalls). If every incongruous idea that entered anybody's head were allowed to expand into something that has all the seeming of a book, this world would be even a more difficult place to live in than it is now. It is a pity that the friends of the genial author of the Breitmann Ballads were so ill-advised as to let this manuscript ever see the light of day.

It is not surprising that Lord Avebury brings his good sense to bear on the proposition that England should adopt a protective tariff. Under the title 'Free Trade' (Macmillan Co.) he states the facts of the case, and the obvious conclusions therefrom, in his usual lucid way. It is now almost impossible to say anything new on this subject, but Lord Avebury directs attention to a point hitherto little considered. Almost the only complaint of the Protectionists that deserves serious examination is that of the "dumping" practised by the German Kartells and other foreign agencies. But the report of the Board of Trade for 1903 shows that this policy has enabled English manufacturers of the finer grade of goods to undersell their German competitors. The latter are now complaining bitterly to their Government that their foreign market has been ruined by the Kartells' policy of selling abroad cheaper than at home.

The reproach that free trade is a doctrine of theorists is met by an *argumentum in homine* in the person of Prof. William Smart of the University of Glasgow. In the preface to his book entitled 'The Return to Protection' (Macmillan) he tells us that he was a free-trade manufacturer in England and a protected manufacturer in the United States long before he became a teacher. His book is based on a series of popular lectures, and is very well adapted to ordinary comprehension. It is perhaps distinguishable from others on this subject by the attention given to Protection, "especially to its aspect as delegated taxation. There are two sides," he observes, "to the question now before the nation: the gain or loss, economically and politically, of the return to Protection, and the gain or loss, economically and politically, of the abandonment of Free Trade. It is only . . . when these two sides are fully considered that the dangers of the present proposals reveal themselves."

Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu's 'Les États-Unis au XXe Siècle' (Paris: Librairie Armand Colin) resembles many other economical volumes in being mainly descriptive. We get for the most part a picture of a great industrial community, as seen by a statistician. What we miss is conclusive deductions; at the end we long, not for more facts, but for more light as to what they mean. The author's general theory seems to be, if we understand him, that the present moment divides an era of the past from one of the future—the past epoch having been that of a great exportable agricultural surplus, that of the future being destined to be mainly industrial. In other words, population is catching up with agriculture; there are no longer abundant supplies of virgin soil to be worked almost for nothing. It is rather "very new countries," *i. e.*, Canada and Argentina, which, in the century to come, will supply what the rest of the world lacks in wheat; but our industrial period is only just begun. Of the Trusts, M. Leroy-Beaulieu thinks the importance exaggerated. In our internal free-trade he sees one great source of our prosperity. The whole book is rather conservative than startling, and none the worse for being so.

The colleagues and disciples of Prof. Adolf Noreen of the University of Upsala have recently done him the honor of dedicating to him on his fiftieth birthday (March 13, 1904) an imposing volume of 'Nordiska Studier.' It comprises forty-one short articles, dealing for the most part with details of Scandinavian philology, in which field Professor Noreen has made himself a distinguished authority. He is the author of many learned and popular articles on various aspects of the Northern languages, including the admirable account of their history in Paul's 'Grundriss der Germanischen Philologie' (1901). The best-known of his larger works are his indispensable Old Icelandic and Old Swedish Grammars, and his Old Swedish Reader. To his previous reputation as an inspiring lecturer, the 122 scholars whose names are subscribed to the address of dedication in the 'Studier' bear new and abundant witness.

The *Metcorologische Zeitschrift* reports that an observatory has been established on Monte Rosa, and is, next to that of Vallot on Mt. Blanc, the highest in Europe, 4,560 metres above the sea. The Italian Alpine Association, with the financial assistance of Queen Margherita, the Duke of Abruzzi, and the Italian Cultus Minister, has established the observatory, where not only meteorological, but also physical researches are to be made. In connection with it there is an annex hut open to foreign as well as to Italian savants. This is the third mountain observatory in Italy, the other two being on Mt. Etna, 2,492 metres high, and Monte Cimone, 2,167 metres. Observations will be made during the present summer on Monte Rosa.

The association at the back of the J. J. Rousseau Archive in Geneva has decided to begin its work by publishing a new critical edition of the philosopher's writings. The prime mover in the propaganda is Prof. Bernard Bouvier. The society's scope being international, all lovers of Rousseau are asked to join it and to send material for the collections. The annual fee is twelve francs; life-membership costs 100 francs, to be sent to M. M. Tremby, Geneva. The society has displayed exceptional vigor and enterprise, and has a comparatively large enrolment of members.

At the recent annual meeting of the Association of Sciences in Christiania, Professor Brogger reported that the Nansen fund, established eight years ago, amounts to 2,000,000 kroner, and that, according to the statutes of the Association, a Norwegian Academy of Sciences could now be founded. The fund has already been used for scientific investigations; 76,000 kroner has been spent in the preparation of the scientific reports of Nansen's explorations. The last two volumes are about ready, and will appear before the close of the current year.

The death of Antoine Tcheckoff at Badenweiler, Germany, of consumption, is announced. He was a physician, but also a writer of very great talent. The wonderful account, in one of his novels, of the last days of a medical-school professor who has been obliged to give up his post from ill health, and who lives with a sentence of death hanging over him, will be recalled with emotion at this time. The much overestimated Gorky could better have been spared. The moment is opportune for a translation of Tcheckoff's novels.

G. Bourgin, member of the French School in Rome, has published a comprehensive report on the destruction of the library at Turin, in which so many valuable documents were burned. The library contained 4,183 manuscripts, and in this department the fire did the greatest damage. Only about one-fifth of the collection could be saved. Among others the flames devoured four manuscripts of the 'Roman de la Rose' of the fourteenth century. Of curious interest are the saving of the single Provençal MS. of the collection, 'Bladin de Cornvalha,' through the error of its being classified with the Latin codices; and the finding, almost uninjured, of the early French translation of Dante. A numbered list of the lost manuscripts has been prepared. Immediately after the fire it became neces-

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sary to avert another danger. The manuscripts threatened to rot on account of the dampness and fermentation in the soaked parchments. The Academy of Sciences in Turin has, accordingly, asked the Cultus Minister for the necessary credit to have photographic reproductions of the most important manuscripts saved made at once.

The progress of civilization in Uganda, the country which Stanley first brought to the notice of the Western world, is perhaps the most remarkable instance in history of the rapid uplifting of a savage race. It was in 1875 that the great explorer, in response to King Mtesa's entreaty, "Write, Stamlee, and say to the white people that I am like a child, sitting in darkness, and cannot see until I am taught the right way," sent the appeal to his countrymen. Then the only dwellings were dark huts, with a single opening in which a wholesome life was impossible. Now, though these are still to be seen, they are fast giving way to European houses with several rooms, a home in the true sense of the word. Systematic labor was a thing unknown to the native of that day. Close by his hut grew the bark-cloth tree which supplied him with clothing, and the wondrous plantain tree which gave him food and drink, and the women were the sole cultivators of the ground. Now the lesson of the dignity of labor is being learned. The Government offers every encouragement to agriculture, and there are ready sales at remunerative prices for all the produce of the soil. Trades are being taught, such as carpentering, brickmaking, building, and printing, and the people are proving apt and ready pupils. So the sloth and idleness, deeply rooted in the native character, are being undermined. Only a quarter of a century ago the woman was simply a slave to the man with whom she lived; and the children, in obedience to a peculiar belief that parents could not bring up a child, were given to others to care for, and grew up practically strangers to their fathers and mothers. To-day in thousands of homes there is family life similar to our own, husband and wife looking upon their children as gifts from God, and caring for them accordingly. Last year 21,687 children, more than a third of them girls, an increase of 9,118 over the previous years, were scholars in the 170 schools. Stanley found a most cruel people, king and chiefs punishing the slightest offences by mutilation, flaying, and burning. Eloquent testimony is borne to the character of native rule by men and women still living who are without hands, noses, lips, ears, teeth, or eyes. No one was safe. Slavery was an integral part of the people's life, and the surrounding countries were periodically raided for slaves, who were absolutely at the control of their owners. Now cruelty is a thing of the past.

"I send you," writes a subscriber, "some correspondence from 'The International Magazines Association,' in the course of which I am promised ten volumes of Ridpath's Library in return for a favorable notice of that work. As my opinion can be worth very little, I suppose the Library must be worth less."

—The Boston Athenæum has published, as the first number of the Robert Charles Billings Fund series, 'Le Forestier's Relation: Autobiography and Voyages of François Le Forestier (1749-1819), a Refugee from Mauritius and a Teacher in New England.' It is a work of seventy-seven pages, in large and agreeable type, and gives in French the story of the author's life, which he wrote out in 1812 in his ship voyage from Salem, Mass., to Mauritius, for the benefit of a young pupil of his, Miss Mary Cobb of Portland, Me., where the author had been French teacher for about a year (March, 1811-12). Le Forestier was well connected and educated. His father had been lieutenant of the marshals of France in Normandy, which office made him manager of duels for the nobility in the province. After twenty-five years of wedded life, and when father of eleven children, his wife, a rich Picard lady, sought and obtained a divorce. This event proved unfavorable to the son François, who had taken his father's part in the quarrel, and, in 1780, some years after the latter's speedy death from chagrin, he concluded to sail for Mauritius, where an elder brother was already established. He practised law there, was successful, obtained other Government employments, reared a family, and sent to Phillips Andover Academy one of his sons, whose portrait adorns its walls. After some years, however, he fell into financial difficulties, and as receiver of taxes had to account for the mysterious disappearance of about $21,000 of public funds. To avoid arrest, he thereupon sailed for the United States, and, proceeding to Salem, was hospitably entertained for nearly a year by Gen. Elias Hasket Derby. Gen. Derby in his young days had made two voyages to Mauritius as supercargo. While there, in 1788-89, he fell sick, and was taken care of on a sugar plantation, presumably Le Forestier's, though on one side and the other a precise statement seems to be wanting. After two years more in Andover and Beverly, just mentioned, he concluded to try teaching French in Portland. He had some success and good introductions; but, Mauritius having become a British colony, it was now safe for him to return home. The volume tells a variety of entertaining adventures. It is edited by Dr. Hasket Derby, and is illustrated with portraits of Gen. Derby, of Le Forestier's son, and two of his pupils. Notes about the Portland people mentioned are furnished by Gen. John M. Brown. The French MS. was found about two years ago by accident in the attic of the Boston Athenæum.

—The journal of an exploration of the Red, the Black, and the Washita Rivers, made by William Dunbar in 1804, at the instance of President Jefferson, has been published in handsome form under the title 'Documents relating to the Purchase and Exploration of Louisiana' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The original manuscript was given to the American Philosophical Society in 1817, and is now printed for the first time, with an admirable map, based on the Journal, and portraits of Jefferson and Dunbar. The expedition formed a minor incident in the series of ventures planned by Jefferson. Lewis and Clark on the Missouri, Pike on the Mississippi, and Freeman on the Red River were the greater undertakings. Freeman was unsuccessful, and Dunbar, a "citizen of distinguished service," living in Natchez, engaged to explore the Washita to the already famous Hot Springs. The story is a plain, blunt record, interesting now for the information it gives on the social condition of the country, rather than for its scientific qualities. The immense grants by the Spaniards (one being twelve leagues square), the few French stations, individual settlers rather than a community of people, and the Indians within the neighboring territory, are described very briefly, but enough is told to show why progress was hopeless while Spain controlled the land. The natural indolence of the people was aggravated by absurd regulations, such as prohibiting the working of mines. Salt, mineral coal, millstones, and clay suitable for pottery were found, and the most important was salt. The fur trade still constituted the principal employment of the few settlers other than Spanish, the furs being left exposed on forked sticks on the river banks, to be gathered on the return journey. "These deposits are considered as sacred, and few examples exist of their being plundered." Arriving at the Springs, the party remained a few days, and, taking advantage of the rising waters, floated down the stream in much less time than had been consumed in the ascent. The description of the boat, which was badly designed for such a voyage, and the estimates of the loads proper for a man to carry, are suggestive of the difficulties attending these explorations, even though the woods supplied abundant food. The helpers were soldiers, and were not so efficient as Canadian woodsmen would have been, besides being indolent under the lax discipline. They demanded whiskey, and, hoarding their rations of the spirits, they celebrated a holiday on December 25th, "which terminated with inebriety, but no ill consequence ensued." The publishers prefix a rather inconsequential paper by Jefferson on the limits of Louisiana, a subject which he confused. The dozen letters in existence which passed between Jefferson and Dunbar relative to this exploration would have been much more pertinent, as well as an addition to the information given in the Journal. The absence of an index is hardly excusable.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons publish the second volume of Prof. Paul Wernle's important book, 'The Beginnings of Christianity.' Thanks to the subject-matter, possibly, the presentation is simpler and more effective here than in the former volume. That dealt with the rise of Christianity as manifested in the personality and teachings of Jesus and his immediate followers. "This was the creative period, the period of great men." In the present volume we follow the fortunes of the new faith when to its great early founders succeeded the formality of a vast ecclesiastical organization. The attempt is to exhibit the religion of Jesus striving to perpetuate and extend itself within the hampering limits of the ecclesiastical forms. Professor Wernle views the ecclesiastical period as a period of decadence, while at the same time he regards the institutional development as the necessary outcome of the conditions of the sub-apostolic times. In his opening chapters we see the successors of the first Christian teachers gradually falling into disrepute, and the Church organizing itself on an episcopal basis. "It is interesting to watch the rise of the bishop from an humble and subordinate place in the community to a position of dignity and power, which ultimately makes him the centre of the new ecclesiastical system." Once organized, the Church was confronted by Judaism, Hellenism, and Gnosticism, and

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Professor Wernle's account of its struggle with these three great forces is an excellent piece of work. We see that in each case the price of victory was the admission of the most characteristic elements of the inimical force into the body of Christian thought and worship. "The Theology of the New Testament" is discussed in an admirable chapter, which did not appear in the first German edition. Scant reverence is paid to Paul's theology or to that of the Fourth Gospel, which is, we are assured, substantially Pauline, subsequent to Paul, and not by any means to be considered the work of the Apostle John. The Pauline and Johannine writings are differentiated from the Synoptic Gospels as immensely inferior. But, even in the Synoptics, "it is but a broken impression that we obtain of Jesus." "No writing of an eye-witness of Jesus has come down to us." A concluding chapter, "Personal Religion in the Sub-Apostolic Age," pleads for the superiority of Christianity to the surrounding paganism, from which, nevertheless, it took over much impurity, in addition to the defects of its own characteristic qualities.

—Since Macaulay, no one has condemned the Restoration court and its sovereign with more effect than Dr. Osmund Airy, whose 'Charles II.' has just been republished in a new and cheaper edition (Longmans). In this volume the moral question is made pre-eminent, and the King receives such unmeasured censure as belongs to one who sets a flagitious example before the eyes of the nation. Since Charles's cleverness has dazzled several of the recent writers on his reign, it is interesting to see the old view of his character set forth with fresh force, and justified by an overwhelming weight of evidence. Dr. Airy says in his preface: "The narrative has been founded entirely upon contemporary authors, whose words I have generally preferred to quote rather than paraphrase." This statement is fully warranted, and it should also be said that the severity of Dr. Airy's tone is not to be associated with a capricious use of the sources. Charles II. may have had enough sense to let his opponents hang themselves with their own rope, and he may even be credited with some political intuitions of an unusual order; but when we come to write his epitaph there is little to set down except the record of brilliant and wasted opportunities. Gifted with many of the qualities which carried his ancestor Henry IV. to the hearts of the French people, he had all of Henry's failings without his strength of purpose. Dr. Airy thus sketches his character as it had developed down to the date of the Restoration: "From the age of sixteen he had given the rein to his animal passions. He was without love, save for his child-sister; without friendships. Too healthy and too indolent to be ill-humored, he concealed under the easy good temper which so fascinated little minds an inveterate selfishness, and an Oriental ingratitude. . . . He had grown accustomed to beg with effrontery, and to betray without shame. . . . For the rest, he had a cool head, much astuteness, considerable insight into character, adaptability, and imagination, a certain curious individuality of view and of action, and a sense of humor." Seeking, as he does, to maintain the standard of moral currency, Dr. Airy is careful not to admit the plea of extenuating circumstances except in the matter of early training. Clarendon's sad but graphic account of a society unsettled and debauched by revolution has evidently weighed with him, but he holds the King guilty of his own demerits, and pictures with abhorrence the degradation of his age. This sketch of a wasted life is tellingly, even brilliantly, written, and with the apparent purpose of giving no quarter to evil, however veneered by intellectual keenness.

—The bulky volume which Dr. I. K. Funk has humorously entitled 'The Widow's Mite, and Other Psychical Phenomena,' is written round a pleasing tale of how his firm borrowed a specimen of the said coin from Prof. C. E. West, for the purpose of illustrating with it the Standard Dictionary; preferred to use an unauthentic coin (because it was smaller, apparently), and forgot to return the genuine coin to its owner, who, though he valued it at $2,500, forgot to reclaim it, and subsequently died. Nine years after, Dr. Funk was told at an ordinary spiritualistic séance that Mr. Beecher wanted him to return the "Widow's Mite" to its owner. Dr. Funk denied the imputation, and was told that the mite had got lost in a safe. On being told to search the safes, the cashier of the Funk & Wagnalls Company produced an envelope containing *two* coins, of which the smaller and lighter had been used for the Dictionary. On confessing to this at a later sitting, Dr. Funk was further told that he had used the wrong coin, that its owner had been a friend of Beecher's and had had a school on Brooklyn Heights, all of which proved correct. Then follow affidavits and assurances from the cashier and other parties concerned, to show how completely the whole transaction had been forgotten. Around this little incident (which may conceivably be traceable to a hoaxing of Dr. Funk by some one who had accidentally discovered the omission to return the coin and did not venture to own up when he saw how seriously the matter was taken), Dr. Funk bas constructed a volume of over 500 pages, by reprinting a selection of the best psychical literature of the last thirty years and adding copious comments of his own.

—One of his best ideas was to circularize a number of professors of physics and psychology in order to elicit their opinions of the affair. A considerable number responded, and, though their answers often exhibit the strength of their antecedent prejudices, the patient reader will find in them suggestions for every conceivable theory of the event. Unfortunately, none of them took occasion to tell Dr. Funk that single incidents can always be disputed and never be established against antecedent objections. A science is a coherent body of propositions, and until the facts cohere in a system, they can form no science. But there is an easy trick to prevent them from cohering, viz., to take them and explain them away one by one. To meet this and to render possible the cumulative growth of proof, Dr. Funk must not only put the evidence for each case into the best form, but must also provide for the continuous and systematic recording and study of such evidence. Probably, indeed, he realizes this; for in his preface he admonishes all his readers to join the Society for Psychical Research. In this he is quite right, for it is becoming manifest that here, as elsewhere, nature will yield her secrets only to sustained investigation, to which, whatever the merits of this particular case, the book may certainly be said to contribute the doctor's mite.

—Dr. A. J. Evans's campaign of this last season at Knossos has been chiefly concerned with the opening of one hundred tombs evidently dating from the last period of the House of the Double Axe. The most conspicuous of these was on a height about two miles away, and seemed at first quite plausibly to associate itself with the legendary tomb of Idomeneus. But although a smaller tomb of about the same date was unearthed near by, nothing came to light of sufficient magnitude to be identified with the tomb of Meriones, so that the more non-committal title of Royal Tomb has been finally adopted. Among the numerous vases in this tomb was found one fashioned in brilliant porphyry. The shape of it is unmistakably Egyptian, and alongside of it were found a number of alabaster vases which were certainly imported from Egypt at the time of the early Eighteenth Dynasty, and show the then persisting style of the Middle Kingdom. Among the other tombs excavated on a hill nearer to the palace, the largest contained a skeleton crowded into a rectangular cist, in much the fashion exemplified at Mycenæ. Near by were remains of an ivory casket, a bronze dirk, and a tripod-hearth of plaster with charcoal above. A curiously primitive type of bronze tripod with two riveted handles and three legs soldered onto the caldron sides was also found, along with a remarkable assemblage of vases, all of bronze. In other tombs, stirrup vases of the familiar Mycenæan type were constantly found. One example of a stirrup vase had previously been found, not in the palace, but in the royal villa northeast of the palace, while on one clay tablet in the palace proper had been found an outline sketch of this same type of stirrup vase. Forms approximating to this were found at Hagia Triada by the Italian excavators, so that the Mycenæan stirrup vase or *Bügelkanne* seems to have been evolved in Crete at about the end of the latest period of the House of the Double Axe. The style of decoration and modelling of these funeral stirrup vases shows affinities with the latest pottery of the palace, but must be separated from it by an interval of time. These tombs, then, belong to a period shortly after the destruction of the palace. One long sword (like all the rest of them, made for thrusting, and not for cutting) has rich chasing in gold upon its handle, which shows a definitely "Mycenæan" design. In general, the traces of Mycenæan design unearthed in these tombs belongs to the maturer period of that name, as contrasted with the earlier phase exemplified in the latest period of the palace. Taking this into consideration, and also the fact that no fibulæ have come to light anywhere upon the site, one must conclude that there was no great break or change in Knossian handiwork and civilization immediately after the palace at Knossos was sacked. Another year's campaign, to be devoted mainly to the opening up of a series of magazines just discovered northwest of the palace, and some further investigation of tombs, will be necessary before work on the site is closed. Only in the tombs and these remaining magazines

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can handiwork in metal be recovered, since the palace itself, including its magazines, has been completely denuded—as every site has been—of everything of the kind.

RECENT POETRY.

Not the least interesting of the volumes before us are 'The Poems of a Child,' "being poems written between the ages of six and ten," by Julia Cooley (Russell), and 'The Sea Gulls, and Other Poems' (Putnams), written, as the preface tells us, by Enid Welford, "between the ages of six and ten years." Miss Cooley's age at the present time is, as Mr. Le Gallienne informs us in his rather excessive introduction, exactly eleven. Miss Welford's is not given, but her portrait shows her to be strictly a contemporary of Miss Cooley. We are not quite prepared to be so astonished at the performance of either of these poets as their respective introducers wish. A mystical fancy is not at all a rare attribute of the age when common sights still wear "the glory and the freshness of a dream," while the disposition to lisp in numbers and to rhyme is the commonest of phenomena in the childhood of the individual, as of the race. Given only a little more than the ordinary individuality of imagination and suavity of metre, and we have verses like those in these two volumes.

The æsthetic and psychologic implications of these compositions need not detain us long; it happens, however, that the two books illustrate the cleavage of two great modes of poetry with extraordinary clearness. The American, Miss Julia, represents the primitive, immediate, quasi-Emersonian style of poetification, while the British Miss Enid composes distinctly in the academic, mediate, Tennysonian mode. For the most part Miss Julia eschews regular rhythms and rhyme, she has few reminiscences of other poetry, and her little pictures of nature, for all their faëry mythology, their "bright shoots of everlastingnesse," are drawn directly from the object. Yet, despite the outdoor setting of nearly all her verses, there is something a little spooky, so to say, in the quality of her mind; and the queer pseudonyms which she favors, "Praecros Belmarz," "Pronvae Valese," intimate strange subliminal visitations as from the personages of the Ouija board. Nevertheless, the eeriness of this infant muse is not without its true charm of wonder, which may be felt in these characteristic verses entitled "Magic Music":

> When I stand on the mountain top,
> When I stand on the mountain top, I gaze
> O'er the country wild, and wonder
> If some great thing will happen there,
> If some battle will be conquered there,
> If some spirit will alight in its woods.

Compared with the writing of Miss Julia, the writing of Miss Enid is strikingly considered and, in the better sense, literary. Her metrification and syntax are more accurate, and she more frequently attempts rhyme, even adventuring some fairly difficult stanzaic schemes like a b b b b a and a b a b c c. She also employs the remote verbal echo and the nearer repetend with considerable felicity, while assonance and alliteration are child's play for her. Though she rarely imitates other poetry slavishly, there are many reminiscent images and cadences which show that she has had the advantage of hearing good poetry read aloud. Indeed, it is possible to put a finger on stanza after stanza which, by their movement and color, recall definitely specific passages in Tennyson, Longfellow, Poe, Kipling, Burns, and Robert Greene. She has also some dramatic imagination, and where Julia is all for flowers and fairies, Miss Enid concerns herself with the lost souls of Vikings, and expresses the emotions of bereaved husbands and wives. In short, Miss Enid stands for the humanist mood in poetry. As in her artistry she works, whether consciously or not, with tried colors, so in her envisagement of life the world looms before her through the golden, dust-laden atmosphere of poesy. She writes herself,

> "Like a mist before my eyes,
> Dreamy, dreamy poetry lies";

and in her lines called "Genius and the Child" her sense of her poetic impulse is yet more clearly shown:

> "Grand Genius, with her forehead of flame,
> Is calling, dear child, to thee;
> In the heat of her fire thou shalt rise higher,
> O'er city, hilltop, and lea.
> She will bear thee away from the haunts of men
> To a home by the sounding sea;
> And thy music wild shall blend, dear child,
> With the roar—with the moan—of the sea."

We wish her very well.

After the work of these old little girls the volumes by various young men which we have to consider seem oddly artificial and immature. 'Arcades Ambo,' by Richard Mott Gummere and Charles Wharton Stork (privately printed), contains, we are told, poems composed in the "Arcadia of college life." The verse attempts no Icarian flights. It follows the more wholesome models of the undergraduate muse, and it has for the most part a great sprightliness. The immaturity of it is shown by the lack of integrity of tone, the tendency of any given piece to go shrill or flatten toward the end, a fault of which Miss Julia and Miss Enid are rarely guilty.

The anonymous author of 'The Last Days of Theodoric the Ostrogoth, and Other Verses' (London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.) is obviously a rather recent graduate of Oxford. He has a fair aptitude for poetic reflection, which is all but sterilized by his passion for a deadly and copious explicitness.

In the first poem of his 'Secret Nights' (Nutt) Mr. J. A. Nicklin thus describes his Muse:

> "A sudden silent horror in the night,
> A heavy hand that grapples at the throat,
> A masked face leering with a maniac's eyes."

Mr. Nicklin seems to have endeavored more or less consciously to be the lyrist, not of the pathos, but of the horror of life. Despite his considerable ability as a versifier, Mr. Nicklin does not contrive so to express horror as to afford his readers any considerable pleasure of any kind. In the larger, Lucretian mood of sad wonder he is sometimes a little more successful, as in

THE QUESTION.

> When this dull moaning in my ears
> Has ceased, and ceased for evermore,
> When, done with all the vacant years,
> At last life's lingering torment's o'er,
>
> I wonder, when the breath of Spring
> Sends throb and thrill through man and maid,
> I wonder, can Desire still sting
> Down in the dust where I am laid?
>
> And when, in Autumn's hovering mist,
> Old dreams and fantasies are lurking,
> Does longing need an exorcist
> Where the blind, hungry worms are working?
>
> I wonder, when the feeling veers,
> In friends, from mourning round to mirth,
> If there is any room for tears
> In that corruption in the earth?

An appropriate companion volume to Mr. Nicklin's is Mr. J. Redwood Anderson's 'The Music of Death' (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.). Mr. Anderson's text seems to be a sentence in his prose apologue, "Azrael's Dream." "But what is the horror of death unto the horror of life?" Yet the effect of his poetry is less macabre than that of Mr. Nicklin's. Mr. Anderson has a stronger poetic impulse, and his quality is fine enough to suggest some honorable literary analogies. In "Love and Death," the most notable poem in his volume, a temper not unlike James Thomson's goes along with a luxurious sensuousness that recalls Keats, and a kind of symbolism that is Shelleyan; and there are passages which suggest qualities as opposite as the monumental gravity of Blair and the sweet lyrical wildness of Beddoes. It is inevitable that poetry of this sort written by any hand not perfectly master of poetic craft should contain many morbid and some ridiculous lines. Mr. Anderson's book contains lines of both sorts, but his workmanship is on the whole so sincere that we prefer to pass these by and content ourselves with exhibiting a single representative passage. We select that in 'Love and Death' in which Death enters the Lovebower, which has just been described in an ample pre-Raphaelite manner:

> "Death entered silently that silent hall,
> Musingly gazed around him, while a smile
> Curved the pale corners of those sensitive lips;
> For well he knew that time, in season due,
> Would grant these things to him—the sculptured roof,
> The marble pillars and the frescoed walls.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And on each side a veiled form appeared.
> A man with arms outstretched, a woman fair,
> Longing to fold each other once again;
> And sorrowful cries broke on the startled gloom.
> 'O come, O come, my Love,' the woman cried;
> 'Alas! alas! I cannot! Misery!'
> These wailings smote the delicate ear of Death;
> He looked no more, but, with a heavy sigh,
> Entered the dim recess. Behind him fell
> The purple folds; 'twas as the wind had passed,
> The balmy, fragrant wind of Summer nights."

This curious idealization of Death is certainly not a very good kind of poetry, but it *is* poetry, and good of its kind.

We regret to have to record that Mr. Cale Young Rice's tragedy 'David' (McClure, Phillips & Co.) shows a retrogression from the ability of his 'Charles di Tocca,' of which we lately had to speak. The earlier play—if it was the earlier—had two decided merits, vigor and individuality of phrase, and a true tragic fable. In 'David' there are passages of fine poetry, but vigorous phrasing too often passes into that which is violent and uncouth. Thus, at the very end of the play, where if anywhere there is need of faultless diction, we have the perverse line,

"Hush now thy woundedness, my Michal, now."

The handling of the plot is of a piece with the phrasing. Sincere tragic impressiveness is sacrificed to striking melodramatic situations. Some of these are excellent of their kind; yet the tricky emotional intensities of melodrama are out of place in presenting the story of Saul and David, round whom the centuries, despite the prosing of preachers, have spread something of the purple gloom of high tragedy.

'The Red Branch Crests,' Mr. Charles Leonard Moore's privately printed trilogy of plays based on old Irish legend, has the interest of narrative rather than of dramatic poetry. We have nothing but respect for his pains in writing nearly three hundred pages of verse in the trochaic, three-and-four-beat couplet; yet, despite its speed, the measure grows wearisome. The

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darkening of fate over the busy scene of love and hate and war is well managed, the Celtic wonder of wizardry and enchantment is well employed, and there are many crisp turns of dialogue. Yet the ensemble fails quite to convince us. The total impression is of an able *tour de force*.

The 'Ballads of Valor and Victory' (Revell), composed by Clinton Scollard and Wallace Rice, have a similar hothouse flavor. Nevertheless, though they miss the woodsy tang of true ballad literature, the workmanship is good in a pedestrian sort, and we are conscious that the poetic chronicle of notable American deeds from the time of the first American Sailors to the death of Colonel Liscum of the Ninth may prove useful for declamation. At times, as in these stanzas from "Richard Hakluyt's Men," by Mr. Rice, the verse, despite a stanzaic scheme unduly complicated for ballad-poetry, has the true poetic lift:

"What of grey dangers afar
In spaces uncharted, untrod?
What though the heav'ns are a-change,
And engulphed is the Cynosure-star?
What though the sun has grown strange,
And the deep has been made molten brass?
At their peak flies the Cross of their God,
And, wherever their rudders may range,
'Tis His voice in the tempests that pass.

. . . . . .

"Here, from the page of a priest,
The friend of these seamen of old,
May be heard the reverberant cheer
That the centuries have but increased
Till it comes like a blast to the ear.
Rest they well, these invincible dead.
Ships' captains and companies bold,
For the ocean itself is their bier,
And the continents stones at their head."

We regret that motives other than æsthetic have so prevailed with the authors that a full third of the pieces have to do with the "valor and victory" of the strenuous years since 1898.

'War Songs and Poems of the Southern Confederacy,' compiled by H. M. Wharton (Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.), is a volume of considerable historic interest, and one not without instruction for the student of sectional tendencies in American poetry. The æsthetic standard of the volume is naturally low. There is no poem in it that carries quite the solemn music and righteous conviction of "The Washers of the Shroud"—not to mention Lowell's Odes—nor is there any to compare in vividness and power with the incomparable battle-pieces of Henry Howard Brownell. Yet all the songs and poems are noticeably fervid and facile, with a characteristic preference for the poetic diction and swinging metres of Byron and Moore; those by such men as Fontaine, Hayne, and Simms are excellent specimens of effective occasional writing; and the selections from Timrod are poetry of a fine and individual quality, though inspired by a more general poetic impulse, and but accidentally related to the war. It is unfortunate that the collection should be marred, not alone by the contemptuous execration of the "invaders," but by some extraordinary editorial interpretations of history. Such notes as this which follows are not quite negligible by even the critic of poetry:

"Another gentleman present [at a recent gathering in London], speaking of the war, turned to me and said, 'Give me a history of that war,' to which I replied that it might be done in one sentence: 'The people of New England brought slaves from Africa, and traded them to us in the South for molasses and sugar and cotton, and then came and fought us and took them away from us.' This seemed to satisfy my questioner, and I hope it will not be denied or severely criticised by my reader. Amen."

Mr. Sheridan Ford's 'The Larger Life' (Croscup) is remarkable chiefly for the author's original conception of the nature of poetry.

"The real man of letters is *en route*,
To laughing Truth he clings,
He has turned from the mummery of words
To the poetry of things."

How successful Mr. Ford has been in eliciting the poetry of things will be seen in this specimen of his work as a poetic observer:

"The new Title Guarantee companies
Reveal the restful rise
Of the competent governing organs
That men of insight prize."

Or take him as a seer:

"The telephone and the telegraph lines
Will come in time to be
But extensions of the post-office Trust
When functioned full and free."

It is pleasant to come at the end of our survey to three volumes of poetry thoughtful, imaginative, and lovely. Mr. Sturge Moore has elected to print his work in shilling volumes in a form that recalls the issue of Browning's 'Bells and Pomegranates.' The three volumes that have thus far appeared in stout paper covers of brown are 'The Centaur's Booty,' 'The Rout of the Amazons,' and 'The Gazelles, and Other Poems' (Duckworth). The salient quality of Mr. Moore's work is a fine originality. This first appears to the reader as a matter of metre. In the beginning his verse strikes one as abnormally harsh and awkward, like Donne's redundant with consonants. Yet as the ear becomes accustomed to his curious movement this impression wholly wears away, and we become aware of a strongly marked beat that falls as insistently upon the ear as the march of the staves in 'Boewulf.' This alone gives Mr. Moore's work a masculine distinction in our day of suave cadences; yet the color of the imagination that furnishes the content of the verses is still more remarkable. 'The Gazelles' may be taken as typical. The poet describes the hunting of a herd of gazelles by a troop of Persian princes in a series of vivid and lovely pictures; then at the end he proceeds to make plain his symbolism in the following stanzas:

"Why are they born? ah! why beget
They in the long November gloom
Heirs of their beauty, their fleetness,—yet
Heirs of their panics, their pangs, their doom?

"That to princely spouses children are born
To be daintily bred and taught to please,
Has a fitness like the return of morn;
But why perpetuate lives like these?

. . . . . .

"Like the shadows of flames which the sun's rays throw
On a kiln's black wall, where glaziers dwell,
Pale shadows as those from glasses they blow,
Yet that lap at the blank wall and rebel,—

"Even so to my curious trance-like thought
Those herds move over those pallid hills,
With fever, as of a frail life caught
In circumstance o'er-charged with ills;

"More like the shadow of lives than life,
Or most like the life that is never born
From baffled purpose and foredoomed strife,
That in each man's heart must be hidden from scorn.

"Yet with something of beauty very rare,
Unseizable, fugitive, half discerned;
The trace of intentions that might have been fair
In action, left on a face that yearned

"But long has ceased to yearn, alas!
So faint a trace do they leave on the slopes
Of hills as sleek as their coats with grass;
So faint may the trace be of noblest hopes.

"Yet why are they born to roam and die?
Can their beauty answer thy query, O soul?
Nay, nor that of hopes which were born to fly,
But whose pinions the common and coarse day stole.

"Like that region of grassy hills outspread,
A realm of our thought knows days and nights
And summers and winters, and has fed
Ineffectual herds of vanished delights."

This startling subtlety of thought and image runs through all three of Mr. Moore's books; it often gleams into a flash of natural humor, and at the end it seems to have put before us something very like an original view of modern life. This is clearest, perhaps, in "The Centaur's Booty," wherein is set forth how two Centaurs, the last of their race, holding a stern creed,

"Nothing is pitied of the Gods and Fate,"

steal a human child and propose to rear him into a being quite superior to the effeminate race of men. Something of the same meaning of the desirability of the return to the healthy pagan gust for out-of-doors lurks, though more implicitly and by the suggestion of opposites, in 'The Rout of the Amazons.' A faun who has seen it tells of the destruction of the Amazonian army by Greek horsemen, in something of the same pitying spirit that guided the hands which loved to carve this scene on the sides of ancient tombs:

"It were better to have been a horse in that battle;
The strong steed knew not
Where he planted his hoof;
He ruined bosoms
That should have suckled heroes,
The children of a god;
But he knew it not.
If he broke the thigh of beauty,
Or crushed the loins
That had sate him so firmly,
With such elegance as the moon has—
The moon that rides white clouds—
Or the sea-nymph whom a dolphin
Bears with pride as with pride he bare her,
This the dumb steed knew not;
But they, the men,
Knew what they did."

The class of subjects that Mr. Moore has chosen to treat in these volumes is full of insidious dangers. A preoccupation with animal pain, or with such half unwholesome creations of the old-world imagination as centaurs and Amazons, a preoccupation so intimate and hypersensitive, is likely to lead a poet into a realm of morbid phantasmagoria. Cases have not been wanting of poets so preoccupied who have shut themselves into a Shalott of "curious trance-like thought" to weave poetry of a pallid, unhuman beauty. We look to see Mr. Moore saved from this danger by his joy in out-of-doors, his strong intellect, and his sense of humor.

RECENT NOVELS.

The Crossing. By Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Co.

Romance. By Joseph Conrad and Ford M. Hueffer. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Lychgate Hall. By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). Longmans, Green & Co.

The Cost. By David Graham Phillips. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Gates of Chance. By Van Tassel Sutphen. Harper & Brothers.

A Case of Sardines. By Charles Poole Cleaves. The Pilgrim Press.

The Woman Errant: Being Some Chapters from the Wonder Book of Barbara, the Commuter's Wife. The Macmillan Co.

The Givers. Short Stories, by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. Harper & Brothers.

Old Hendrik's Tales. By Captain A. O. Vaughan. Longmans, Green & Co.

The Castaway. By Hallie Erminie Rives. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

In the choice of events and characters for his latest book, 'The Crossing,' Mr. Churchill is less fortunate than in his former romances founded on American history. His subject is the white man's

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movement across the Alleghanies, settlement on the eastern side of the Mississippi, and relations between the English settlers and the older French and Spanish establishment in Louisiana. He has given three years of labor to the book, and tried to combine many elements and types enumerated in an "Afterword" (page 597). He expresses his sense of the "incompleteness" of his achievement, but the word is less fitting than incoherence or ineffectiveness. He has tried to do too much, and rather exaggerated, if not the ultimate importance, at least the exceptionalness of Col. George Rogers Clark's campaign against the Indians and French in the Kentucky wilderness. Our pioneers were courageous men, fond of adventure, reckless of life, but they existed in great numbers, and their character and exploits were very similar, so it is almost impossible at this late day to invest them with enough interest to carry a long novel.

Such criticism may, however, imply nothing more than personal indifference to frontier scrimmages, which is hardly a valid reason for belittling the result of so much conscientious toil. A better explanation for failure may be found in the author's statement that he has tried to give an historically true account of events, an account "trammelled as little as possible by romance." Why should a man who sits down to write a novel assume such an attitude? Should he not rather take pains to trammel his romance as little as possible with history? A great solicitude for fact is inimical to imaginative freedom and intuition—qualities which were rather conspicuous in Mr. Churchill's earlier work, but are barely discernible in 'The Crossing.'

It might be supposed that the only reason for a successful author's taking a collaborator would be to have his weakness supported by another man's strength. Such supposition does not account for Mr. Conrad's choice of Mr. Hueffer in the wild book entitled 'Romance.' Mr. Conrad's constructive faculty is so weak that his long novels are always inconsequent; 'Romance,' written with the assistance of Mr. Hueffer, is positively chaotic. The tale of mad adventure in the West Indies a century ago is put in the mouth of John Kemp, a sturdy English lad who made a mistake in packing his marvellous experiences in one volume; he should have taken at least ten, and doled out his wares at discreet intervals to the joy of his youthful compatriots. Though John Kemp lives in his deeds, in the words used to describe them, he vanishes, and there remains Mr. Conrad, unrestrained by Mr. Hueffer, letting loose his lurid imagination and his amazing vocabulary in defiance of probability or even reason. There is a prodigality of action, of vitality, of color, a revel of deviltry—in fact, an enormous waste of power, and neglect of the commonest rules of literary art.

'Lychgate Hall' is the story of a beautiful young lady named Dorothy, who lived in England during the reign of Queen Anne. Lychgate Hall wanted a tenant. It was barely habitable, and was infested with family ghosts, so when Dorothy asked for it, offering her rent in advance, she was promptly accepted. The unfolding of the mystery that surrounded Dorothy makes the tale, which is spun through 400 pages. Dorothy appears as good as she is beautiful. The respectable yeomanry cherish her; Sir Jocelyn Gillibrand makes love to her, and she challenges contemptuously his mother's curiosity. A noble lover visits her and rides away in despair, and in the dead of night an ancient servitor drives through the darkness with a load of human bones, which he deposits in a graveyard near Lychgate Hall. Whenever highwaymen are mentioned Dorothy starts and trembles, and there are moments when one suspects that the innocent-seeming maiden is in league with gentlemen of the road. But in the end her association with them is shown not to be criminal, and she comes honorably out of all complications, even the mystery of the bones. All the circumstances are highly improbable, but they are pleasantly narrated, and the action is broken with good descriptions of the country, and of rural festivities common in England when it was still ostentatiously merry.

'The Cost' belongs to a class of works which are coming in hundreds from Western publishing-houses. They turn on the financial or political triumphs of some shady boss, ending or not in downfall, but invariably possessing a young and high-minded wife and a rival candidate who is the incarnation of the wife's ideals, and who, if the author kills off the boss, marries the widow. One act of the drama is usually played at the co-educational college where the true hero and the heroine exchange ideas and ideals; and of course there must be always a scene in the New York Stock Exchange where millions are tossed about like beanbags. 'The Cost' has all these features and in addition a few new ones. In the broker's leading scenes he is found shut in with his home telephone instead of on the floor of the Exchange, thus converting the play into a sort of Punch and Judy show. In addition to the farm and the college and the opera we are introduced to the novel institution of a "Western School for Book Agents," where we see the teacher of the agents declining an offer of ten thousand a year and a commission in a publishing-house. Another leading feature of these books is the scorn heaped upon "Europeanized Americans." Thus, a certain flouted Arabella is described as one who "married a rich man, lived in the city, and, under the inspiration of English novels and the tutelage of a woman friend who visited in New York and often went abroad, was developing ideas of family and class and rank." All the characters who set foot in New York go more or less to the dogs, while the independent hero, who as a collegian, in his wrath against caste and faction, had bolted at a society meeting and had sprung upon the convention the nomination of Frank Adee of Terre Haute, is kept, with a few temporary aberrations, in the path of straightness by absenteeism from any point east of Indiana and by election to the Governorship after nomination in "the second largest auditorium in the State." There are side touches in 'The Cost,' when it strays from geography and dimensions, that show a certain degree of originality and of skill in reading motive. Machine politics and questionable fortune-making, however, even when as well drawn as Mr. Phillips undoubtedly draws them, begin to pall upon the palate.

The opening chapters of 'The Gates of Chance' excite a sense of looking at a cinematograph which has gone wrong. But, once having accepted the pace, the reader is whisked agreeably along through ways of entertaining adventure and ingenious mystery. Into the composition of the stories go a foundation of the Arabian Nights, a strong flavor of Sherlock Holmes, a seasoning of latest-day science, and all the intimate knowledge of New York, old and new—and it is a goodly store—that the author had in the house. Mr. Esper Indiman truly describes himself as a "connoisseur of the adventure grotesque." The stories are told as a gentleman would tell them—as naturally as they are unnatural; they offer clean and rational absurdity for the season's reading. The adventures overlap the chapters, so that each ending plunges us into a fresh tangle; and as we leave Mr. Indiman vanished into the wide world screwed up in a clockcase, we are sure we may look forward to the pleasure of meeting him again, for on such adverse environment the Esper Indimans of story grow fat and prosper.

'A Case of Sardines' gives a picture of the sardine industry in a town of the Maine coast. Not only the details of the canning factory are furnished forth, but the local manners, morals, dangers, and salvations that flourish either indigenously or as imports. A cynically disposed young city doctor takes his vacation at Echo Bluffs, and records his experiences, which, needless to say, range from fish to love. Prominent features of the sketch are the fight with the liquor traffic in the State of prohibition, and the uplifting, through song and sermon, of the factory workers, by the musical heroine and the athletic minister. Any reader who thinks "this down-east tale is overburdened with moralizing and philosophy" may at least admit that both are sound and sweet, and not without humor. Witness the native who says: "Ez fur ez my observation goes, the population here ain't tryin' to resist temptation. The majority of 'em's 'round hunting it up."

Friends of Barbara, the commuter's wife, will welcome her utterances on home-making and the modern woman. "The woman errant, God help her," explains Barbara's father, the Doctor, "it seems to me, is she who either from choice, hazard, or necessity, seeks a cause outside of the protecting wall of her natural affections." Barbara pictures the woman who is errant from choice, and makes her most conclusively unlovely. She, the fascinator, of the "strange eyes with topaz glints," who leaves her betrothed and goes forth to college and to the life of assistant to an editor, burns her own fingers so badly that she may be left to point her own moral. Next to the leading lady, the woman doctor whose prejudice sacrifices her own child, may be put in the same category. The case really deserving attention is the brief eposide of poor Delia Mullins, who couldn't marry her best young man because her own sister Rose got his job at the iron works, supplanting him, for the reason given by the Boss—"She's all right, and she's cheaper." This is an economic puzzle which calls for deeper consideration than the very black and white cases more conspicuously presented, where the situation is comparatively clear, but the individual reprehensible beyond the pale of

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sympathy. In truth, we find Mrs. Barbara's philosophy rather onesided, though she herself is so manysided. Her richest wisdom is found in the nuggets sparkling on the path, as is her highest literary attainment. The hoof and horn of purpose are rather painfully evident, and the array of virtues and graces and rewards suggests an arrangement in sheep and goats. But, off and on, as they journey, she and her friends are human and not unprofitable. What there is of sentimental and of slipshod in the story is offset by much of sound and sensible in the story-telling. The saying (in relation to an elderly man): "The secret of his lingering at the point of perfect ripening is his wisdom in dropping the little non-essential tasks that add to the day's fatigue," is good enough to make the reader forget about "the rhythm of the home heart-beats." "I am convinced that it is the *life mussy* that very largely passes current for the simple life," offsets the "flower greeting table in the hall." "If you take personality out of teaching, and regard the children as a progressive lot of *its*, I'm afraid interest does go," breathes a wisdom that supports one while reading that the laughed-at importance of Easter millinery "comes from the underlying eagerness for renewal in all its variations—the turning of the back on cold darkness and despair, and blooming forth anew." To some readers the horticulture and ornithology will seem superabundant. To others the fine arts may appear primitive. For every one there is something wholesome and suggestive. A few will hope to see Mrs. Barbara in a future volume the mother of a daughter who shall reconcile her to the sex.

The Christmas-story form usually handicaps the writer who feels in honor bound to certain traditions. All molasses is not too much sweetening for the occasion; philanthropy, evolved from curmudgeon hearts, flows like wine. Mrs. Freeman's Christmas stories are singularly and happily not open to this charge, and, of eight short stories in her latest volume, five hang on Christmas trees. In every one is found the homely element which it would be a public shock to miss; and characteristically the homelliness is by turns comic, pathetic, tragic—sometimes all at once. There are only two standards with which to compare Mrs. Freeman's work—herself and Nature. Judged by the former gauge, "The Givers" and "The Last Gift" are at the high mark of finish and pungency. Nature there is, in profusion, in all the stories. The details of village life are not more true than those of the inner man and woman. The human beings as well as the houses have their kitchens and best parlors, their spring and fall renewals, their attics with old memories stored in hair trunks, and this without too great a complexity of structure. Complex they are, to be sure, to the dramatic point, but they do not invent their own complexities nor glory in them. The writer is content to let nature straggle without torturing it into motiveless vagaries. Tucked cautiously into the middle of the book lie one or two stories which suffer by comparison with either of the suggested standards; notably "Eglantina," which has a strong motive, but is of an almost comically rantipole execution.

In 'Old Hendrik's Tales' we have a volume of animal stories collected by Capt. Vaughan from the Hottentots during the late Boer war. They bear, suitably, the mark of the beast and of authenticity—the latter all the more from their resemblance to the Uncle Remus stories. To this likeness the publishers call attention, surmising that both sets of legends are from a common source. The sly or "slim" hero of most of the tales told by the old Hottentot Hendrik, is 'Ou' Jackalse," who combines the astuteness of Br'er Fox with sundry individual traits of his own. "Ou' Wolf" is usually his foil and his pal in crime till it comes to dividing the spoils, when "Ou' Jackalse" is sure to be a solo performer. "Little Hare," or "Klein Hahsie," is called by the children "such a skellum," but Old Hendrik softens the aspersion by saying "he is a bit smart, but den he don't get nob'dy's bones broke anyhow"—a refinement which cannot be affirmed of the Jackal, the Wolf, or the "Baas King Lion." The Kaffir dialect is toned down to the readily comprehensible point without so disappearing as to forfeit the strongly local garb that all such stories should wear. The oddest note, perhaps, in the transcription is the modern slang of which, no doubt, there is a plenty ready-made to the hand in South Africa, but which reads queerly in legendary tales. Such phrases may be specified as "Git a move on you," "Where's that meal for the breakfas' I don' know" (assuredly Irish this). "A gall darn sorry" (Stars and Stripes please observe), "So twenty-shillins-in-de-pound comfy like" (Britannia rules the wave). The stories are readable and amusing. They have a decided value as a contribution to animal folk-lore, and within limits are suited to children, though from the nature of the *dramatis personæ* the vehemences are more prominent than in nature tales of a temperate zone.

"My history will furnish materials for a pretty little romance. . . . I hate things all fiction. . . . There should always be some foundation of fact for the most airy fabric, and pure invention is but the talent of a liar." Thus wrote Lord Byron, and thus quotes him Miss Rives for the prefatory mottoes to her romance, 'The Castaway,' a story built on Byron's life. She has adopted its outlines from his boyhood to his death, and has brought to the filling-in many of the actual incidents of his career, though by no means always placing or timing them in accordance with the facts. "The Gentle Reader," says our modern essayist, likes history to be reproduced through the imagination. Miss Rives interprets Byron and his times for us rather through dislocation. For example, the well-known incident of a prayer for the unknown poet's conversion, written by an Englishwoman and found among her papers after her death, is transferred to the Countess Guiccioli, and is made the beginning of the acquaintance with George Gordon, he finding it written in a copy of "The Prisoner of Chillon," near a shrine in an olive grove. Again, the actual suggestion of the Countess that she should take a Juliet-like potion and "pass for dead," is in Miss Rives's romance carried out in fullest details. It is not strange that, having embarked upon embellishment, she should take the Countess of Guiccioli to Missolonghi, with a friar from the Armenian convent, in time to receive Gordon's latest sigh. But romance itself writhes in pain when Teresa finds Byron's "River that rollest by the Ancient Walls"—nine verses—newly etched by the author into a fungus at the root of a tree. Debarred, however, by the authoress's motto from complaining of fiction, we can only shift the impeachment, and say that she has given us far too much truth. To meet by name Shelley and Moore and Sheridan and Godwin, not to speak of Miss Milbanke, Lady Caroline Lamb, Jane Clermont, Marianna and the Countess Guiccioli, is to be entitled to the plain facts of the case. But if invention is to rule the hour, let the characters be called John Doe and Richard Roe. Miss Rives has shown reasonably good taste in treating the more obvious difficulties of her subject, shielding her Gordon, to be sure, by making him the defendant in most of his *causes célèbres;* and she has exercised discretion in her touch upon what could neither be omitted nor defended.

Of her style there is little to be said in extenuation. It shines the more luridly from its contrast with her theme, for if Byron's style was sometimes lurid, it was never viscid. Compare the real Byron on himself: "It is odd, but agitation or contest of any kind gives a rebound to my spirits and sets me up for the time," with Miss Rives on her hero: "In that night at Geneva the tidal wave of execration which had rolled over his emerging manhood had left as it ebbed only a bare reef, across which blew cool, infuriate winds of avid recklessness." What would have been Byron's feelings at reading that his hatred of his country "had darkled in the silt of ignominy"? Everywhere we meet the cool, infuriate and avid. A short anthology may serve to support this statement: "The mullioned worship that to his life seemed only the variform expression of the futile earth-want." "A night of Italian sorcery, the sky an infinite wistaria canopy nailed with white-blown stars." "The polar glaze spreads its algid mockery." A curl of "litten gold." "The buzz of undammed talk crisped by the tap of the gavel." Nor absent are the adverbs usual in such cases, the "wetlys," "palelys," "leadenlys" and their kin; the adjectives like "heaven'd." Truly, as Maurice Hewlett has said, "The adjective is the natural enemy of the verb."

Through all of too little and too much, there is no denying that the story holds the interest, nor that Miss Rives has caught and conveyed, in however artificial a tone, some points of the Byron likeness—the wilful wish to appear worse than he was; the "sheer sense of justice and hatred of hypocrisy"; the kindness, the courage and the passion for freedom. As to her treatment of other traits, Byron's characteristic dislike of "refutation" would certainly find much to batten on in 'The Castaway.' Does Miss Rives remember what he once wrote to Murray?—

"It is enough to answer for what I have written, but it were too much for Job himself to bear what one has not. I suspect that when the Arab patriarch wished that his 'enemy had written a book,' he did not anticipate his own name on the title-page."

TWO FISHING BOOKS.

Book of the Black Bass. By James A. Henshall, M.D. New edition, revised and ex-

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tended. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Co. 1904.

Trout-Fishing. By W. Earl Hodgson. With frontispiece by H. L. Rolfe, and a facsimile of a model book of flies. London; Adam & Charles Black; New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

The twenty-three years since the original publication of Dr. Henshall's book have not served to cool his enthusiasm. The black bass is still, for him, "inch for inch and pound for pound, the gamest fish that swims." However widely anglers may differ from him on this particular point, there is no question as to the service which he has rendered to the cause of angling in general by his enthusiastic devotion to the development of tackle for bass fishing, and to the propagation of bass in countless lakes and streams previously devoid of game fish, or at least of any species which the introduction of the black bass could injure—for Dr. Henshall is better supplied with sense and conscience on this point than many who have meddled in the business. A new edition of his book is therefore an event to be welcomed, and the fire which hastened this event by the destruction of the old plates need not be lamented.

Without exception, we imagine, readers of the volume will welcome the radical excisions which have reduced the first two chapters ("Scientific History of the Black Bass," and "Nomenclature and Morphology") from 134 pages to 44. It would be unfair to Dr. Henshall, however, not to state that this shortening is due to the scientific acceptance of that for which he contended so earnestly in the original edition, viz., the restoration of the generic and specific names given by Lacépède in the original edition of his famous 'Histoire Naturelle des Poissons.' There are many other excisions not of sufficient importance to be noted here, much has been rewritten, and many additions have been made. Under the latter head, we notice a very earnest maintenance of the assertion that the large-mouthed variety of the black bass is fully equal to the small-mouthed in its fighting capacity. Various explanations are attempted to account for the prevalence of the contrary opinion, and several anglers are quoted in substantiation of our author's own view, but the argument remains unconvincing. If the two will fight equally, "all things being equal," then the average bass angler will wonder why all things are so persistently unequal. Certainly, experience on lakes and streams where the two are found together leaves most anglers with the firm conviction that the small-mouthed bass is quicker in its movements, fights nearer the surface (thus avoiding the deadening effect of a long stretch of line under water), is much more prone to jump into the air, keeps up the struggle longer when well hooked, and gets off more frequently when not, than the large-mouthed. Possibly Dr. Henshall is too enthusiastic for the "Black Bass" in general to admit a defect in anything entitled to the name.

The chapter on rods is considerably expanded, and the previous claim of priority for Samuel Phillippe in the construction of the split-bamboo rod is now established beyond cavil, while the date of the invention is pushed back three years, to 1845. The chapter on reels gains by the insertion of a detailed account of the evolution of the Kentucky reel. Much of the material for clearing up these historical problems was collected by Dr. Henshall for the Columbian Exposition, where he was appropriately in charge of the angling exhibit. On the subject of hooks, we are glad to note in the new edition an emphatic protest against the murderous gangs of hooks so commonly displayed by the dealers for trolling and casting. The practised angler finds them really no more effective than the single hook, and they unquestionably lacerate many fish which are not taken. Dr. Henshall still retains his sane opinion that much that is written of artificial flies is sheer humbug, and is correspondingly modest in his own observations. We think, however, we detect one of the commonest fallacies of the fly enthusiast in his contention that the live grasshopper should be used exclusively as a surface bait, always on the windward side of the water, and only when a stiff breeze is blowing, because it is under such conditions that the bass naturally secure these insects as food. Many an angler can testify that the small-mouthed bass, as well as other fish, take them readily under entirely different conditions.

When the original edition was reviewed in these columns, regret was expressed that Dr. Henshall had not kept clearer of the sentimental side of fishing. The sentiment has not departed with years, however, and "good old father Izaak Walton" is drawn upon rather more than less. The original poetic description of "The Capture of the Bass" is retained, but the rhythm and metre have evidently been the object of much loving care in the meanwhile; still, we cling to the opinion expressed twenty-three years ago, that by this specific evidence the author is proved to be no poet. We can also repeat, concerning the new edition as a whole, what was said of the old, that it is the only source of full and reliable information on the habits and pursuit of one of the finest of American fresh-water fishes, and supplies a great want.

We strike a very different type of angler in the author of 'Trout Fishing.' If Dr. Henshall tends to weary us with his rhythmic "Capture of the Bass," what shall we say of Mr. Hodgson, who insists upon dragging us through the mazes of Fate and Free Will, Calvinism, Agnostic Evolution, and what not, in pursuit of the brook trout? We are perfectly willing to take the trout on trust, leaving to some future state of existence the settlement of the question whether "the First Cause intended trout to be caught by the methods of sport, so that men might find pleasure in the capture of them"; nor do we feel the need of bolstering up our devotion to the rod by the knock-down argument that the whole idea of design in nature must be abandoned unless our sport be admitted to have no less a sanction than that of having been a part of the creative plan. If this too must be a part of the higher order of angling, then let us hark back to the days of our boyhood, and go fishin' off the river bank with a willow pole and a can of worms.

Mr. Hodgson has a good deal for the reader after all this is cut out. The only difficulty is that, like his own village anglers along the lowland streams in time of flood, you cannot be quite certain in any given case whether it is a good, juicy trout or a wriggling metaphysical eel at your hook. Out of it all the discriminating angler may pick many valuable suggestions of practical value in his sport; but along with the metaphysical chaff already noticed he must also sift out a considerable element of faulty natural science. Curiously enough, the one bit of really vivid writing in the book deals not with trout fishing at all, but with the capture of a salmon. We have mentioned Dr. Henshall's incredulity on the subject of flies; doubtless he would look askance at the model book of flies reproduced in facsimile which forms the introduction to Mr. Hodgson's volume. There are over one hundred and fifty varieties, each carefully reproduced in its original colors, under the supervision of Mr. Mortimer Menpes. It must be said, however, that Mr. Hodgson is in general no stickler for "fads" in angling. He counts it no blasphemy to assail the "dry fly" craze; nay, he will even fish with a live minnow or a worm on due occasion—that is, when the large trout of any given locality can be lured forth in no other way. The interest of the strictly American angler in the book will of course be diminished by the fact that it deals with the sport only as practised in the British Isles. The dedication is to the memory of the Marquess of Salisbury, to whom the book was to have been inscribed by his own permission. And here we are reminded that the author's familiarity with persons of note, generally indicated by initials, is occasionally obtrusive. In mechanical execution the book is all that one could ask.

Lectures on Classical Subjects. By W. R. Hardie, Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh. Macmillan. 1903.

Every schoolboy knows that nowadays classical studies are everywhere put upon their defence. Fortunately for them, arraignment is not the same thing as conviction: history can point to a number of scholastic acquittals. Yet it is a curious coincidence that the four new books on classical subjects that we have last had occasion to open, begin each with a deprecatory preface. Whither is gone the Roman belligerence and the Greek calmness of self-assurance? Can it be that he is only a myth of ancient origin, that Oxford don who welcomed with such superb scorn the founding of the newer English universities because they would provide for modern trashy subjects, and leave Oxford and Cambridge to pursue their solid and comfortable way in peace? Mr. Hardie need not apologize for the unambitious character of his book, for, even though he traverses for the most part familiar fields, and plucks his posies in leisurely fashion, it is such toil as his which brings to the much-scorned average reader the fragrance of the ages. We cannot all in this workaday world keep up our earlier sauntering over the fields of Enna without a guide, but we welcome all the breaths from that faery land that kind Favonius may grant us.

Of the ten lectures, or essays, that Mr. Hardie puts before us, the first six are of distinct interest to all intelligent students of human feeling as it is expressed in literature. They trace in easy manner from age to age, and set forth in a clear style, the feeling for nature in the Greek and Roman poets, the beliefs of the Greeks

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and Romans concerning a life after death, the supernatural in ancient poetry and story, the older ideas concerning an age of gold, the vein of romance in Greek and Roman literature; and finally discuss, from the standpoint of classical literature, that ever-interesting theme of the language of poetry. In a number of instances these topics tempt comparison of Mr. Hardie's treatment with that of others. One cannot forget Von Rohde's 'Psyche' in any discussion of the ancient belief in immortality; Friedländer's essay on the Roman feeling for nature, though not sympathetic in touch, has been to many a source of suggestion; the discussion of the romantic element in literature will call to mind the writing of Mr. Hardie's colleague, Professor Butcher, in his 'Aspects of the Greek Genius.' With the second edition of the last-mentioned work Mr. Hardie was unacquainted at the time his own essay was written. On these and the allied themes, however, Mr. Hardie's purpose was narrative and descriptive rather than critical and constructive; yet the reader who assumes from the modesty of the preface and the simplicity of the method that he has before him only such stunted and dry-as-dust collections as juvenile candidates for the doctorate occasionally succeed in accumulating, will be pleasantly undeceived. Mr. Hardie's essays embody much more than he professes. They abound with lucid and suggestive analysis and comment pleasantly expressed. The characters of Plautus, so said Aelius Stilo, speak as the Muses would if they spoke Latin. Mr. Hardie's writing is such as we should like to find in the statistical dissertations of our students of literature, but they would need closer kinship with both the wisdom and the grace of the Muses in order to compass it.

A good example of the author's critical manner and good sense is found in his treaatment of the sixth Eclogue of Virgil:

"It is full of echoes from the past, and yet it is at the same time a new thing. Virgil transmuted what he touched. . . . Old memories and fancies of an age of gold he has woven into a new idyll, a vision of Italy as it might be under happier conditions. In this respect, though there are many points of divergence, the eclogue resembles Shelley's poem on the regeneration of Greece, which would be treated with equal injustice if it were resolved into the classical ideas or allusions which appear in it. Both poems have in some degree the vagueness or obscurity which belongs to a prophetic vision: the seer is trying to read the story of a strange future, and has no language in which to express it save the ideas and traditions of the past, which are of necessity inadequate. It would be as idle to try to identify Shelley's 'loftier Argo' and 'new Ulysses' as it is to rationalize with prosaic literalness the dream of Virgil."

Yet the *puer* Mr. Hardie finally inclines (with Skutsch) to think is a real child, the expected offspring of Octavian and Scribonia.

Sometimes we must be allowed to differ with Mr. Hardie's conclusions. He remarks, for example, that "the epithets applied to mountains by the Greek poets would show, if they were collected, a wonderful appreciation of the varied features of mountain scenery—"many-fountained Ida," "clad in waving woods" (*εἰνοσίφυλλον*), "full of wooded glens" (*πολυπτύχου ὑλησσης*), "snow clad," "touched by the sun's first ray" (*πρωτόβολον ἀλίῳ*), etc. But may it not be said, after all, that the feeling thus indicated seems to be aroused by elements that are not essentially connected with mountains? Nor can we quite accord with the idea that one of the "ways in which mountains did exercise a spell over the Greek" was in arousing his emotion of patriotism. The instances Mr. Hardie cites are all those of return from absence, where either the mountains are merely the landmarks first seen, or else the traveller's actual home is among them, in which latter case he would experience the same emotion had his home been in the plains, if only he could have caught sight of it as easily. The mountains in each case are but accidents of the situation.

Again, the essay on "The Vein of Romance" seems to us not quite as clear-cut and fruitful as it might have been if the author had framed more narrowly and sharply his definition of romance. His own conception seems to be lacking in precision. He says:

"I do not think that we can really include the poems of Sappho under this head. The white heat and glow of real passion, the expression of what one feels at the moment one's self, this is hardly what is meant by romance strictly. . . . Romance results rather when we sympathize with the emotions of a hero or heroine of story—when the emotions are not the actual ones of the moment, not those we are ourselves feeling intensely, but at most our own feelings projected, as it were, into a remote region, idealized and reproduced in new conditions. In romance we are, to a certain extent, outside of our own emotions—thinking about them, making much of them, looking at them."

Part of what Mr. Hardie thus says does not seem to us sufficiently exclusive of other qualities to serve as even part of a definition of romance. Sympathetic emotion is not necessarily romantic, though romance must surely have a personal appeal and captivation. Of course, on the other hand, no one could possibly take exception to the statement that "the white heat and glow" of passion, like that of Sappho or of Sulpicia, is not romance. Mr. Hardie need not have spoken with such unusually awkward hesitation on this point. We should be disposed to avail ourselves of some of the elements that he suggests, and to discard others, insisting that romance, though the sublimation of passion, the idealization of emotion, passion lifted above both sensuality and realism into the purer and remoter regions of a sort of mystery, is yet truly and intensely personal and absorbing. The difference between our conception of romance and that of Mr. Hardie is perhaps better shown by examples. He includes under romance mere passionate or pathetic stories of love. Apollo's amours are hardly what we should call romantic.

The last four essays of the book are of less general interest. The one on the metrical form of poetry, though doubtless meant as a companion piece to that on the language of poetry, yet discusses almost exclusively certain detailed and technical questions of ancient metrics. The special student will find it the most interesting of all. The lecture on literary criticism at Rome treats in a sketchy way the theme that was more solidly handled by the late Professor Nettleship in the *Journal of Philology* for 1890, and was later included in the second series of his Lectures and Essays. Mr. Hardie's sketch of the revival and progress of classical studies in Europe is clear and just, but calls for little remark, and the concluding lecture on the aims and methods of classical study is not concerned with philosophical or pedagogical questions, but summarizes didactically the way in which the classical student should go about his work. These last three are ordinary class-room lectures, and that is all; the book evidently exists for the first seven, and we trust Mr. Hardie will some time give us more of the same excellent sort.

Kings and Queens I Have Known. By Hélène Vacaresco. Harper & Bros. 1904.

A lady-in-waiting seldom publishes her diary; probably it is not often that she has the time or the spirit to keep one. One does not look to a valet for the imagination that will transform his master into a hero; and to a *dame d'honneur* her royal mistress is usually, no doubt, a perfectly commonplace person who causes her acute physical discomfort. She sees the seamy side of court life too close to idealize it, and realism in such a connection would be ill-bred. Fanny Burney's revelations are quite exceptional. She belonged to the English middle class, and naturally felt that in sacrificing her literary career to become the Queen's dresser she made a brilliant exchange; but she had truthful instincts and a weak constitution, so that the interlude at court was brief and her record of it sincere. Mlle. Vacaresco is no less out of the common run of ladies-in-waiting. Her poetry, though not equal to that of "Carmen Sylva," has been crowned by the French Academy, and she has a vivid and picturesque imagination, which her close association with the Queen of Rumania has done nothing to suppress. The conception of royalty is not usually attractive to poets. You will not find Homer idealizing his kings—what appeals to him is the youth and strength and passion of Achilles, the beauty and grief of Helen; and though many a court poet since Homer has enjoyed the friendship of kings, he has usually preferred to sing of something else. But Mlle. Vacaresco is more royalist than all the kings and queens she has known. The most trivial incident connected with a royal personage thrills her imagination because it symbolizes the power of kings, or illustrates their divine condescension to inferior mortals. Her style is highly rhetorical and her point of view wholly feminine, so that two-thirds of the volume before us will appeal chiefly to the readers of periodicals devoted to the fashions and fashionable gossip, such as one encounters in great variety in the average British drawing-room. No one else, one imagines, could read with patience Mlle. Vacaresco's description of the wonderful eyes of the German Emperor—

"eyes whose color and depth and sternness can be compared to jewelled Toledo blades, where gold and iron blend like blazing rays of the sun and cold flashes of stormy lightning . . .—that look, as it lingered and plunged to the very depths of the assembled people, made every nerve thrill like the muscles of the Arabian steed who feels his master's fingers creep lazily through his mane. . . . The firm gaze of the imperial sun-god is not abased before the brilliant rays which concentrate their fierce light upon him."

Or again, of the Queen of Italy's smile—

"so subtle, so pure, so lavishingly spent—a smile at the same time fascinating and

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haughty, careful to betray royal serenity, yet anxious to hold the popular favor, a jewel which the lowest and most obscure might find on the road to daily labor, as welcome as bread or flowers."

Few twentieth-century courtiers, few of any century, could write like this at close range and be sincere. But Mlle. Vacaresco is thoroughly sincere. We cannot doubt that the moment in which the Princess of Wales handed her a shawl on a chilly evening in the Highlands will, as she asserts, remain alive in her memory forever; nor does her extravagant praise of her own mistress, "Carmen Sylva," read like flunkeyism. From childhood she has devoted an extraordinary capacity for hero worship and a transfiguring imagination to the chief personages of the European courts. But for certain political considerations, she might herself have taken her place among them—a fact to which she more than once alludes. The Queen of Rumania, her poetic gifts and private sorrows, have been described once for all by Pierre Loti. Mlle. Vacaresco's extravagant rhapsody can add little to the impression given by the author of 'L'Exilée,' though her picture of the Rumanian court in the Carpathians is interesting.

The most dramatic figures in these sketches are the mysterious Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria and his unfortunate mother. The former, Mlle. Vacaresco describes from a childish but vivid recollection of an unpleasant and degenerate personality, whose mysterious death has made him a hero of romance. The romance is, of course, all that she consents to see. An upstart queen like Draga of Servia is quite another matter. In her chapter on "The Sovereigns of Servia," Mlle. Vacaresco describes Madame Draga Maschin at a garden-party in Paris, in attendance on Queen Nathalie:

"Her countenance was well calculated to charm, though not to command attention; the features, though delicate, lacked refinement, and there was about the nose a deficiency of classical lines, while the mouth twitched in a nervous way as if moved to smile without the courage to do so. The glossy black hair waved round a low forehead, where furrows were already settled, traced not by age, but by stern, resolute, thought and action. The eyes and eyebrows alone were perfect and spoke of an Oriental houri's power. 'I would never go to Servia again,' she said, 'if I could help it. It is my country, but I have enemies there, whereas here every one loves me. But you understand the Queen is such a devoted mother. She will one day desire to see more of her son than she does at Biarritz, where he comes only for a short time. She will return to Belgrade, and then I shall have to accompany her, and if she settles there—oh, then farewell flirtations, farewell all hopes of marriage. But I won't marry again; I am too old and plain and I don't flirt. I am getting so cosmopolitan that, only think, the young King, when he came to Biarritz this summer, discovered that there were many words in Servian I did not understand, and he laughed—he teased me. But then he is so young—quite a child.' "

Perhaps the most interesting, because least rhetorical, pages are those in which the lady-in-waiting who has not married the Crown Prince of her court dissects the lady-in-waiting who has actually mounted the throne. The minor royalties furnish on the whole more amusing gossip than the exalted personages. Mlle. Vacaresco occasionally shows a gleam of humor, as when she describes the petty German princes and princesses assembled with some of the lesser Hohenzollerns under the same roof with the German Emperor, who may or may not deign to admit their vague kinship; they uncertain, meanwhile, whether to behave as vassals or relatives, outwardly obsequious, inwardly chafing—a most unattractive house party.

Therapeutics of Mineral Springs and Climates. By Dr. I. Burney Yeo. Chicago: W. T. Keener & Co.

From immemorial times thermal and chemical waters have been invoked for the relief of disease, and Dr. Yeo's is the latest geographical dictionary on this subject. The famous English physician has written for English invalids, and his view is chiefly, not exclusively, of places easy of European access. It is not astonishing that the "samples of weather" which pass for climate in Great Britain should impel invalids (who are able) to change their skies, especially in the drearier seasons; a trustworthy volume is therefore valuable alike to those who would fly and to those who should advise their flight. But we do not find, as we might expect, stress laid on the character of the soil as well as on atmospheric humidity and temperature, as an essential for wholesome residence as well as a factor of climate itself. That change of air is in great degree change of soil, and, when helpful, is largely an escape from the noxious conditions of damp and ill-drained sites, is no new conceit.

The United States is dismissed with scanty reference to California and Colorado, where we find "Boulder in the heart of the Rocky Mountains" (p. 606). But Egypt, which has become, "since the British occupation," a very popular winter resort, is well treated, with an impartial account of the sanitary disadvantages of Cairo. One of the most interesting chapters discusses sea travel, so changed on steamers from what it was on ships under sail. Merited stress is laid on the remarkable improvement that tropical intestinal complaints, otherwise lifelong or fatal, undergo in a month or so at sea when undertaken promptly. Such convalescence in military patients has been misinterpreted (where intelligence did not equal authority) as clinical deception or professional ignorance or both. In the longer voyages between European coasts and Asiatic ports the author ignores every line but the P. and O., quite forgetting that both the North German and the French ships from China surpass in all points of attractiveness those pioneers so long and formerly so justly celebrated in British story.

To the greatest number of invalids the chapter on the mountain-air cure for consumption, which is practically that of dry and unpolluted air, the "open-air" of selected localities, is probably the most valuable. As Dr. Yeo remarks, Sydenham's "sufficiently long journeys on horseback," which he thought the best remedy for consumption yet discovered, was an anticipation of the advantages of the open-air treatment. This very favorable combination is as useful now as it was two hundred and fifty years ago, for the horse implies money, and is the germ from which develop the more abundant fresh air, the dry soil, and the reasonable food that constitute the wealthy consumptive's special "climate" of to-day. But the horse is a luxury, delightful but not essential in the treatment.

The action of medicinal springs and especially of baths, as distinct from the same elements artificially combined, is still a puzzle. There are famous baths in this country where analysis shows little more than that they are wet and hot; but unless all observation is fallacious, they are important therapeutical agencies. It has been suggested, and Dr. Yeo in his preface quotes the suggestion without disapproval, that the "newly-discovered property of radio-activity" may account for much of the profitable balneal action of "indifferent" springs. It may. And the same may be true for those waters that are best "taken" on the spot. But as radio-activity is an evanescent quality, experiment to determine its presence must be made at the source, and the transported waters should be less efficient than those used as they emerge from the earth, as indeed is sometimes the case. The great group of mineral springs that have made the geological fault at Saratoga celebrated are not mentioned, any more than are other natural sanitaria of this country.

James Lawrence, Captain, United States Navy. By Albert Gleaves, Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

It is not likely that another life of Lawrence will be written, so thoroughly has Lieut.-Commander Gleaves performed his task of searching the Navy Department archives and of drawing upon private sources of information, many of which were not available to his predecessors. He has presented the results of his painstaking labors in a narrative accurate in statement and of marked fairness in criticism, so that little remains for others to tell concerning one of the most picturesque and popular characters in our naval history, and yet one of whom, he says, "less is known . . . personally than any of his contemporaries, except, of course, his immortal order, 'Don't give up the ship.' "

Lawrence's life may be said, quite truthfully, to consist of but two episodes—his victory in the *Hornet* over the British sloop-of-war *Peacock,* February 24, 1813, and his loss of the frigate *Chesapeake* to the *Shannon,* on the first day of June, the same year. To the former, Mr. Gleaves devotes enough space to secure a satisfactory setting for his picture of the brilliant action which placed Lawrence's name high on the roll of our naval heroes, and raised hopes for his future, and confidence in his combination of luck and capacity, that were quickly changed to national grief for his untimely fate, mortally wounded at the very opening of his last battle.

To construct a biography of such scanty elements was by no means easy, and this should be borne in mind as we read the opening chapters, penned with the intent of giving a general idea of the service into which Lawrence entered in 1798, while yet in his seventeenth year, and of the political situation during the early part of the nineteenth century. The padding is very evident; but if it had to be used at all, this padding is excellent, although sometimes rather trivial. We are interested to learn that ships of that day had already discarded casks for tanks to carry their water supply; we wonder whether the author really meant to say that when Capt. Broke was made a Knight Commander of the Bath

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he was admitted into the peerage; we are led to inquire when "Commodore" John D. Sloat, the annexer of California, changed his name to James B. Sloat; and we fear enthusiasm for his subject has carried Mr. Gleaves too far in asserting that, as a frigate captain, Lawrence "had no superior in the service."

It is pleasant to think that young Lawrence's remonstrances to Admiral Collingwood, when three of his men were forcibly taken out of his little gunboat "No. 6," by Capt. Rotheram of H. B. M. S. *Dreadnought* off Cadiz in 1805, may, possibly, have borne fruit two years afterwards, as that splendid type of the officer and gentleman wrote:

"When English seamen can be recovered in a quiet way, it is well; but when demanded as a national right which must be enforced, we should be prepared to do reciprocal justice. In the return I have from only a part of the ships, there are 217 Americans. Would it be judicious to expose ourselves to a call for them? I see in the journal of the —— that when cruising they spoke an American from Leghorn, bound to Salem, and the only remark about her is, that they pressed a man out of her. What should we say if the Russians were to man themselves out of English ships?"

It would appear from the beautiful letter written to Lawrence by the surviving officers of the *Peacock* thanking him for his "kindness, attention, and hospitality;" that American naval officers, in their courteous reception and treatment of Cervera and his men, but followed the honorable traditions of a humane service, which in this respect continues to be without a rival.

The luckless story of the *Chesapeake* reminds us that, in flagrant violation of international ethics, we have given to a new vessel that title which we lost in a fair fight, and to which we therefore have no shred of claim; and it suggests an inquiry into the mental condition of the Congress which perpetuated, in one of our newest and best battleships, the equally unfortunate name of *Maine*. The average reader will be chiefly interested to know the reasons why the *Chesapeake* was the only one of our frigates to suffer defeat in an engagement with a British ship of her class, and whether the allegations of Cooper that "some disaffection existed among the crew. . . . The ship had an unusual number of mercenaries in her. . . . It is known that Capt. Lawrence went into this engagement with strong reluctance. . . . In addition, the *Chesapeake* had an unusual number of landsmen in her, etc.," together with the whispered suggestion that Lawrence weighed his anchor and bore down upon his adversary in a state of vinous exaltation following a noonday banquet on shore, would be substantiated or refuted by Gleaves's more recent investiagtions. We must refer the reader to the book and its admirably clear and impartial account of the action for the proof that all these statements were erroneous, and that the *Chesapeake* was lost, primarily because her captain committed the tactical blunder of not raking the *Shannon*, which lay still in the water on the approach of the *Chesapeake*, and of closing to such a distance on the weather beam that, when the first broadsides of the *Shannon* carried away her headsail, she flew up into the wind, was taken aback, and promptly driven astern on top of the Englishman, an easy target and at the latter's mercy. An overwhelming disaster followed swiftly upon the heels of an initial blunder, as is frequently the case.

The publishers have done their full share towards making this an attractive book, while to the care of preparation the author has added a smoothness of style and evidences of wide and varied reading, not usually to be found in the kit of the seafaring man.

Natural Music Course. By Frederic H. Ripley and Thomas Tapper. American Book Co.

This course consists of a Harmonic Primer and Harmonic First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Readers. There is considerable repetition, both in the reading matter and in the musical illustrations, but this is intentional, for purposes of review and to enable the slower pupils to keep up with the procession. Less justifiable is the use, in several of the volumes, of one of Schubert's "Miller-Maiden" songs with Longfellow's inapposite "Tell me not in mournful numbers," and of the wedding march from "Lohengrin" to the words "Flag of the free, fairest to see! Borne thro' the strife and the thunder of war"; etc., which would have made Wagner's hair stand on end. Apart from these infelicities, little but praise is due these volumes, which will doubtless serve their purposes very well.

The leading American pianist of the fair sex, Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, recently wrote in the *Music Trade Review* that "women have done the lion's share of the work in developing a love of good music in this country." How true this is, especially in the schools, is emphasized by the fact that the authors of these Harmonic Readers take it for granted that they are addressing a feminine audience chiefly, and therefore always refer to the teacher as "she." The lessons and songs are for both boys' and girls' voices, and special directions are given regarding the critical period when boys begin to suffer from the break in the voice. The Fifth Reader includes songs with bass. "Some boys," the authors state, "anxious to emulate the example of their bass-voiced companions, demand the bass clef for exclusive use. Still other boys, and this class includes nearly all those who show some changed tones, have two registers, and can sing either soprano or bass within limited ranges." Sections are devoted to solfeggio work, ear training, eye training, enunciation, part singing, dictation exercises, etc. The music in the First Reader is intended to make pupils familiar with the best of the American folk music, but there are also, as in the other volumes, many miscellaneous tunes; harmony plays a more and more prominent part in the successive Readers. The preface of the last volume contains a strong plea for music in schools, concluding with this noteworthy sentence:

"When, therefore, we reflect upon the fact that nine-tenths of all the crime that is committed is the direct result of ill-spent leisure, and that nearly all of our poverty is due to the lack of personal resource or creative power, we must agree that a study which, properly conducted, affords innocent amusement for leisure moments, and at the same time arouses and cultivates those faculties upon which creative, original, and independent action is based, cannot safely be disregarded by those who have our national welfare at heart."

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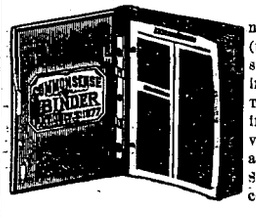

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